SIDE-GLANCE AT AMERICA by R. Ellis Roberts

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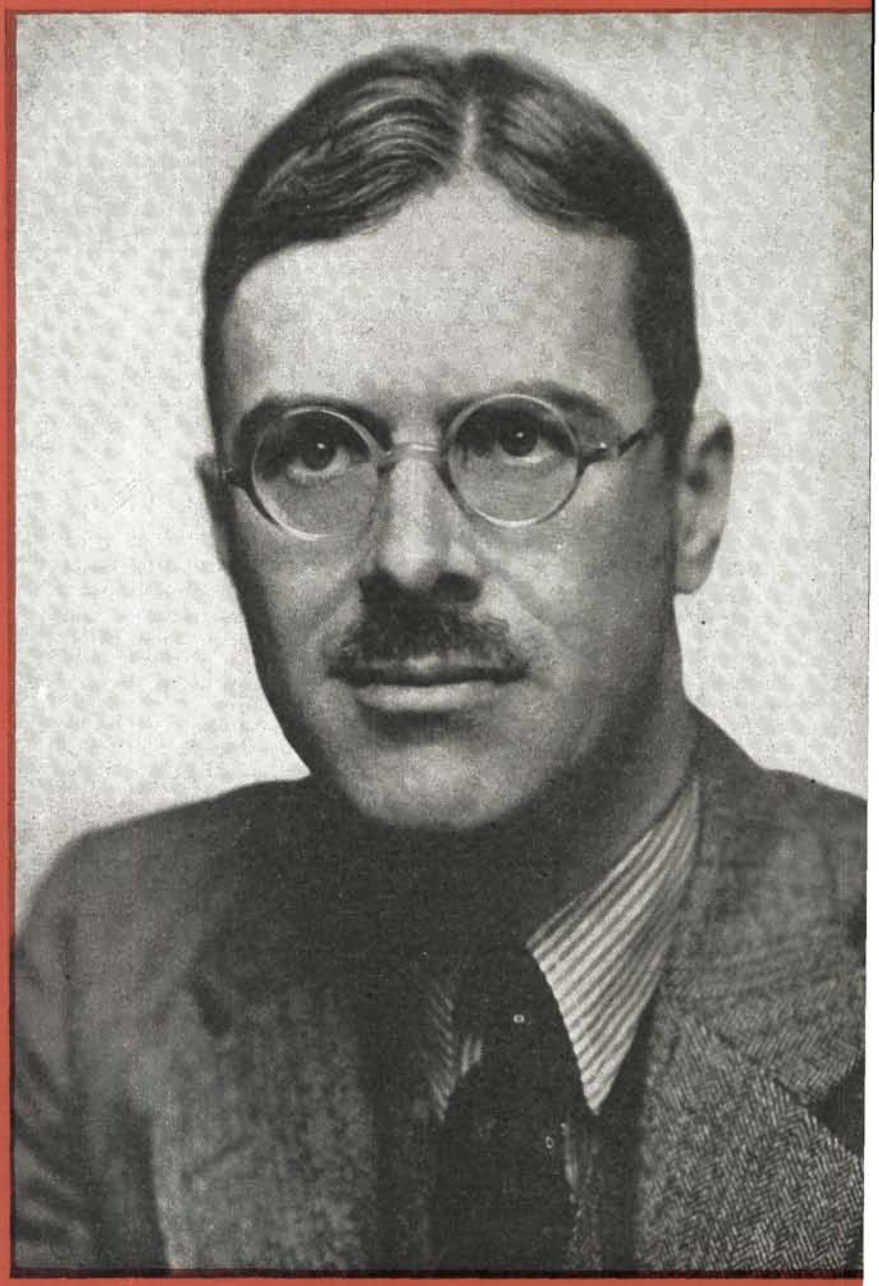

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB: "It is easy for him to persuade us to follow with interest Aretino's checkered story" . . . . *(See page 5)*

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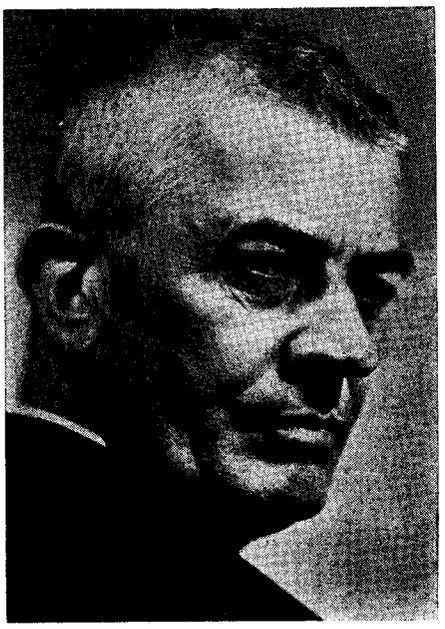
American Literature: A British Side-Glance

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IF you put the blame where it belongs, you will accuse three American authors—Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman. It may be that no one should be blamed; it may be that I am dead wrong in even hinting that there have been times in this country when the Briton was blamed for taking an attitude of patronage, of superiority, of offensive, "You'll grow up soon, little man," talk to the great, the promising and the distinctive authors of this country. I may be wrong; yet I've caught a whisper now and again. Mr. Mencken, for instance, has been overheard fluting in his quieter moments about a separate American language; and before Mencken batted for Baltimore against Britain, James Russell Lowell in an essay of great vigor and sense had insisted truthfully that many Americanisms were old English words or phrases that the English had carelessly mislaid or abandoned. My own critical past may have its black spots; but here I am guiltless. It has never even occurred to me to say "This is a fine book—*but* it is American." Simply because never, from the time when I first read, in my teens, Washington Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, Max Adeler, "Uncle Remus," Lowell, J. G. Saxe, never did it occur to me that the foolish political pear-heads, led by Lord North, had separated American from English literature.

Of course the word English is a nuisance: so let me say plainly that, when it qualifies literature, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott, Swift, Burns, Yeats, Melville, Thoreau are all masters of English literature, for the language they use is one, whatever its varieties in accent or vocabulary. In the end, language, not accent, determines an author's literary race. It may be easier to compare *Ulalume* with some French poems than with anything else in English, but Poe belongs to English literature, not to French. The long, vista'd sentences of *A la Rechérche du Temps Perdu* may be more like the prose of Ruskin than of any French author, but Marcel Proust belongs to French and not to English literature. So I would insist, crossing my thumbs and sneezing towards Baltimore, that when we speak of American literature, American poetry, the American novel, that "American" is only a topographical term, as is Scots, Irish or Welsh. The great American books are an inalienable part of English literature, the literature which is made by the men and women, whatever their political color or wherever their home,



Carl Van Doren

who inherit, enlarge, and enrich the English language.

And now I return to those blameworthy, blameless three, Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman. They never meant to start the scandal; and the shove they gave it was indirect. Or so the story went in my childhood. We heard that the more serious critics here had either grudged or refused proper recognition to those three men of genius—for the specific reason that what they wrote was too remote from, or too frivolous and vulgar for, the great traditions of English literature—that they were, in effect, *too American.* Now criticism of that kind is treason. To complain of new extravagance of humor, as in Mark Twain, to complain of undisciplined vigor, as in Walt Whitman, to complain of "a sport" as Edgar Allan Poe, is to commit the unpardonable sin of the literary critic. Our business is not to embalm, catalogue and cage; our business is to watch, welcome and, very modestly, if we have the gift, help the new movements in letters.

I don't know how true it is that the pundits over here did neglect or despise the three culprits I have named; but it was a tradition in my boyhood in London, and I have a hazy recollection of a book which tasted like damp wool in an air-tight bottle —was it by Barrett Wendell?—which succeeded in reducing the lively, magical books of this country to the dead level of Etruscan inscriptions. In it American authors were laid out like mummies in a museum, in which not unnaturally the noisier viviparous artists were either absent or drugged into the similitude of *Thanatopsis.*

Well, that time is gone and forgotten. There's little danger today that critics will blame or ignore American authors because they do not conform to certain English academic standards which were only once applied with any intellectual force in England itself—when Samuel Johnson wrote his "Lives of the Poets." Indeed both here and in England critics have gone too far in another direction. We are so careful now to try to discover first what an author's aim is, and then to decide how near he's got to it, that we too often don't bother to ask the previous question—was this worth doing at all?

Yes: I know about self-expression and self-exhibitionism: but I notice that some artists, in all the arts, get by with the impudent bluff that self-expression is specifically an artistic craving, duty or twitch. It is nothing of the kind. Self-expression is an emotion common to all human beings, and to a damn sight too many animals. One of the duties of an artist is to control, direct and arrange his self-expression in forms which can reasonably be expected to hold the attention of an audience. He has a paramount duty, of course, to his own artistic conscience; but if his con-

Next Week

CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER
By THOMAS L. STOKES
Reviewed by Charles McD. Puckette

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD
By FRANCES GAITHER
Reviewed by Frank Daniel

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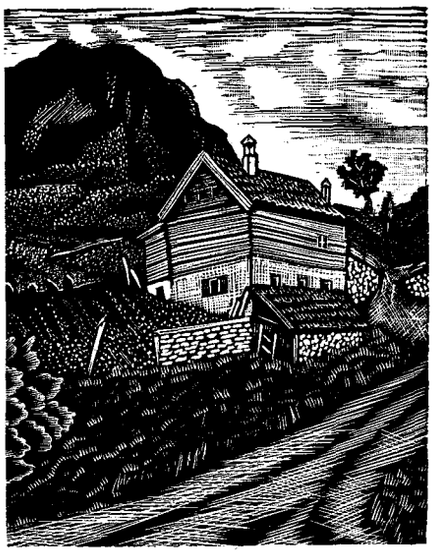
science lead him to drool away his talents in a kind of literary solipsism, he should practise some pretty rigid self-examination. Those who put themselves and their art on a lonely eminence surrounded by a desert of self-appreciation, the Saint Simeon Stylites of the arts should remember that the strange saint of the pillar was, from that height, guide and philosopher to the multitudes who flocked from Alexandria to his lofty loneliness.

The failure of much modern criticism to exhibit a healthy and needed severity towards callow and impudent exhibitionism has, I think, done as much harm here as in England. I am more troubled, however,—I may exaggerate its extent—by a tendency in serious criticism to isolate American literature. It is as if the wild music of Mencken, sweeping out over that splendid Chesapeake Bay, had confused and baffled the ears of those plying on the waters of criticism. It would be a tragic and comic disaster if in this country there grew to be a tradition of insularity. I have recently read the new edition of Mr. Carl Van Doren's "The American Novel."* It is a studious, erudite and often brilliant book—how good for instance, is "exuberant insinuation" applied to Henry James!—but I was puzzled in Mr. Van Doren's discussion of many American authors at the extraordinary lack of reference to obvious analogues. And the analogues he omits are nearly all English. Take this passage, for instance, on that remarkable American genius, Stephen Crane:

> Little used to reading, he admired Tolstoy and Flaubert so far as he knew them, but he was impatient of his genteel American contemporaries, whom he called insincere. His own observations in the slums and along the Bowery had convinced him that life was not what books made it out. He was unwilling to look for reality behind accepted forms of manners and art, and too honest to pretend he saw it there. If he could not see life face to face, he did not care to see it at all.

This is excellent as far as it goes: but it is a surprise when Mr. Van Doren leaves Crane without mentioning the one author, himself almost an American author, whose influence on Crane is surely paramount—Rudyard Kipling. I doubt if "Maggie" would ever have been written had not Kipling written "Badalia Herodsfoot": nor should we forget that, shortly before Crane, Arthur Morrison had published "Tales of Mean Streets" and "The Child of the Jago." If this were a solitary instance, it would be an unimportant slip; but time and again Mr. Van Doren neglects the obvious British analogy to American authors, great and small. He can write of the cloak and sword school (he even uses the word "Ruritanian") and never mention Anthony Hope or Stanley Weyman; he writes at great length on Mr. Sinclair Lewis, and never suggests that he owes a good deal to H. G. Wells; he writes on such modern authors as William Faulkner, Sherwood Anderson and Thomas Wolfe, and leaves the reader in innocence about the existence of D. H. Lawrence, nor does he put in his bibliography that author's unbalanced, maddening but extremely provocative volume on American literature, with its chapter on Fenimore Cooper.

*THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 406 pp., with index. $3.00.



From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.

I think this a pity, not because I care for competition matches in literature, but because it seems to me important to emphasize the essential unity of our literature. I do not believe that a healthy and natural art can spring from any nervous or contemptuous denial by Americans of the British, or by the British of the Americans in literature. Not, I hasten to say, that Mr. Van Doren advocates or suggests such a division: it is only that by his odd reticence he does give the impression of an independent tradition which has, I believe, no foundation in fact.

And the curious thing is that he does not mention one or two contemporary novelists who seem to me more distinctively American in spirit than many others.

He discusses the greatest expatriate at length, and on the whole with discernment and justice; and it is a rare critical sense which he shows in his final comment:

> Indeed, nationalism hurts James more than internationalism: he suffers from the sensitiveness to national differences which kept him concerned too much with them and too little with the universal human likenesses which transcend nationality. He was actually less able to forget his American origin than such an unhesitant son of America as Whitman, for instance, who, taking his native land for granted, could send his imagination out to all the corners of the earth without worrying at the national boundaries thus crossed.

This is well put, even though I might hesitate to accept Whitman's Americanism as unself-conscious; it is rather paraded in comparison, say with Whittier's or Mary Wilkins Freeman's or Vachel Lindsay's or with Booth Tarkington's. (Mr. Van Doren, to my mind, under-estimates Tarkington.)

Again Mr. Van Doren is admirable on Edith Wharton, who was free all her life from James's national neurasthenia: but I wish he had found space for that remarkable expatriate Elizabeth Robins, and had given a paragraph or two to Howard Sturgis, to Francis Grierson and to Logan Pearsall Smith, whose one novel is worth reprinting. He wrestles gallantly with the Par-Americans, even if he does not cope with Henry Miller or Robert MacAlmon, and is a little shy of too close an inspection of the dread and spiritual terror in the world of Djuna Barnes. But, while devoting far too much space to Thomas Wolfe, who occupies more room than Dos Passos, he finds no time even to mention Susan Glaspell who, though her genius is at its highest in the plays "Inheritors" and "The Verge," seems to me a far more exciting American novelist than, say, Pearl Buck; he omits that fine story-teller T. S. Stribling, and gives to the Roycroft romances of James Branch Cabell space which I should like to have seen devoted to a consideration of the part played by fancy and fiction in the domestic histories of Clarence Day.

I have put down curtly and bluntly these points on which I disagree with Mr. Van Doren's estimate of the relative value of some American authors because I believe that in them we can find the source of an old difference between the American and British appreciation of American authors. At its simplest the difference could be ex-

(Continued on page 16)

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Winchell's Spiritual Ancestor

ARETINO: SCOURGE OF PRINCES. By Thomas Caldecot Chubb. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 478 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

ONCE Italy hailed Pietro Aretino as divine, according him salvos of flattery as extravagant as any he himself composed for his patrons. Now his writings are relegated to the dingy back rooms of book shops, and those which cannot be sold as pornography are altogether neglected. Even the accolade of a collected, annotated edition—a dubious sort of honor, likely in these days of industrious professors to befall any writer who was notorious long enough ago—has done nothing to restore his popularity. In Italy, only scholars and a certain sort of adolescent read Aretino, and the English-speaking world has not seen a decent translation of any of his books, decent or indecent, for a long time.

But though his writings may be dead, the reputation of Pietro Aretino, universal man of letters, scourge and companion of princes, evangelist and press agent extraordinary of the world, the flesh, and the devil, goes swaggering down the ages, as cocky and indestructible as when its prototype and creator swaggered on the Rialto. It is not fame, that reputation; certainly not the pallid, respectable fame of a Dante or a Racine among the millions who admire but do not read them. It is rather a sort of monstrous, immortal notoriety: even today there are circles in which it is bad taste so much as to mention, without apology, the name of Pietro Aretino.

Probably he would like it that way. Nor would he, one feels, have minded that what we most enjoy about his story is that so patent a rascal should have made so blatant a success. Out of the gutter, the kitchen, and the servants' hall he created a personage whom the greatest emperor since Charlemagne thought it prudent to set on his right hand at dinner. Half the kings of Europe paid blackmail to his impudence on the pretext that they were paying tribute to his genius. His only weapons were pen and ink and access to a printing press; his talents were little more than a quick ear, a shameless tongue, and a shrewd knowledge of the weaknesses and low tastes of his fellow men. By exploiting those slender assets he managed to live like an oriental pasha; and that in a day before royalties or copyrights, when great writers hung at the heels of patrons.

Had Aretino, himself, ever set down the unique story of his life, he could not have failed to write a great book. A series of intrigues, conspiracies, battles, assassinations, hairbreadth escapes, and a thousand love affairs would have led in breathless succession from the sordid poverty of his beginnings to his final immoral and satisfying triumph. It would have told of the glitter and stench of Medicean Rome, the placid loveliness of Venice in her autumnal splendor, excitement about art and politics and ideas and eating and drinking and quarreling and love-making. All the great and near great of the Italian Renaissance would crowd its pages: heroes, princes, statesmen, artists, seen as familiarly and with as little reverence as the courtesans, cut-throats, bullies, pimps, and literary hacks who were Aretino's ordinary entourage. It would have been the greatest of picaresque romances, and Cellini, Casanova, and Rousseau would have been overshadowed by it forever. But Aretino never wrote those memoirs and this present biography of him gives us our clearest idea of what it might have been like.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb is an American poet whose verses too few people have enjoyed. He is also by way of becoming a first-rate Renaissance scholar. To this biography he has brought a warm knowledge of the books in which Aretino's life is recorded and the places where it was lived, a wit and gusto worthy of the subject, and a very deft hand with words. It is easy for him to persuade us to follow with interest Aretino's checkered story. He even persuades us that his hero was more than just an amusing scoundrel, that under the audacity, the bluster, and the cunning there was genuine human dignity and pathos. He almost persuades us, by the pitch of his own estimate and the skill of his occasional translations, that Aretino was nearly as important a writer as his contemporaries thought him.

Aretino in 1543. By Titian.

Mr. Chubb urges that it is time to sift the gold from the rubbish; that out of the mass of Aretino's forgotten writings a tactful editor and translator could extract a book that could become a classic. If so, some one ought to try; and by the evidence of his present performance Mr. Chubb is just the man for the job.

Shakespeare Summa

THE ART AND LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Hazelton Spencer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 495 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

IF anyone should ask why there should be a new compendious book on Shakespeare, the answer is to be found in the vast number of special studies which are constantly appearing. All kinds of people, professional and amateur, learned and ignorant, sane and insane, are studying, speculating, digging, puzzling, and arguing all over the world about who he was, what he wrote, and what he meant; and the volume of their publications is so great that frequent siftings and summaries of results are absolutely necessary. The present volume is an admirable example of what such a summary should be and how much more than a summary it can be.

The strictly biographical matters are disposed of in the first fifth of the volume; but full account is taken of all recent discoveries, and fact and legend are kept scrupulously apart. A second chapter deals with "His Medium" and contains, besides sections on the Elizabethan stage, acting, theaters, and theatrical companies, one on his verse, reprinted from a former publication of the author's and not quite assimilated to the tone and manner of the rest of the work.

The greater part of the book is devoted to a discussion one by one of the plays themselves. This discussion covers the questions of authenticity,

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state of the text, date, sources of plot, adaptations and acting versions, and history on the stage and on the screen. Besides these factual matters an esthetic evaluation of each play is given; and it is here that Professor Spencer's own contributions are most obvious.

There are, of course, abundant opportunities for the exercise of judgment even in presenting the state of the case in what I have called factual matters, and these opportunities are used with fairness and courage. Some interesting tendencies in Shakespearean research emerge. The rage for hypotheses of collaboration and rewriting has evidently abated, except, perhaps, for Professor Dover Wilson and his school, whose ingenuities and perversities our author handles with more caution than affection. The frank acceptance of motion picture productions as part of the stage history of these plays is sensible and refreshing.

Mr. Spencer is hopeful of great things from this modern development. "Our screen producers," he says, apropos of the moving picture of "Romeo and Juliet," "have still a long way to go; but they will eventually do great things for Shakespeare and, a much more important consideration, for a public which, starving for beauty in the midst, not of God's plenty, but of Hollywood's, is above all pathetic because it knows not why it hungers."

It is no disparagement of the criticism in this book to say that it at times provokes dissent. To the present reviewer Mr. Spencer seems wrong in describing "Romeo and Juliet" as "a pretty tale of youthful lovers' woe"; in finding no universal quality in the tragedy of Brutus; in seeing no significance in the sadness of Antonio at the opening of "The Merchant of Venice"; in regarding "Othello" as "more pathetic than terrible"; in calling "Coriolanus" "in no sense a political play." But in general the evaluation of the plays is sound and penetrating and the author's own, and is based on a scholar's knowledge of the relevant facts.

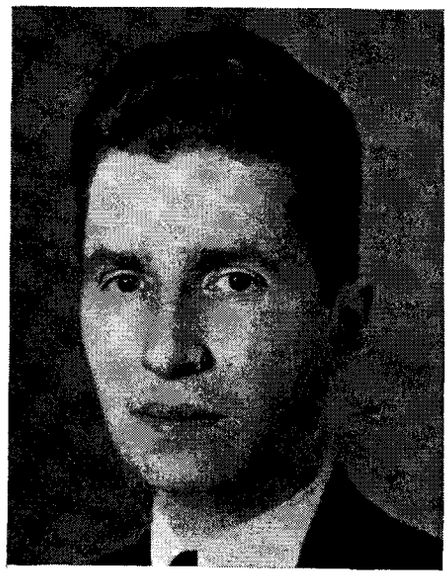
The style of the book is clear, vivacious, and at times eloquent. The reader need not be alarmed by tendencies to preciosity in the Preface. Prefaces are like speeches before the curtain; they make even the most self-forgetful performers self-conscious.

W. A. Neilson, former President of Smith College, is the editor of the Tudor Edition of Shakespeare's works. He is the author of "The Facts about Shakespeare," "A History of English Literature," "The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists," and "Roads to Knowledge."

Read, Do Not Run—

HOW TO READ A BOOK. By Mortimer J. Adler. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 398 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN



Mortimer J. Adler

DON'T be misled by the modest title of this skillful book. It is indeed, in the author's words, a practical guide to the art of reading, but it is much more than that. The subtitle adds the suggestion that true reading is the art of getting a liberal education, but even that does not exhaust the contents; the book is in reality a tract for the times, beginning with the problem of literacy and ending with the relation of critical-mindedness to democratic institutions. With a steady cross-fire of aphorisms and illustrations, Professor Adler riddles present modes of education in America, the semantics craze, the exclusive devotion to scientific thinking, and several other misconceptions in criticism, history, and metaphysics.

At the same time as it shows off the author's wit and expository talents, the book gives a generous puff to the new educational venture at St. John's College, Annapolis, much valuable information about humanities courses there, at Chicago, and elsewhere, and a fair slice of Professor Adler's spiritual and pedagogic autobiography. In other words, despite a great deal of intentional and effective repetition, these four hundred pages are packed full of high matters which no one solicitous for the future of American culture can afford to overlook.

The primary object of the book, however, is to show people how to read. Mr. Adler means by that taking in accurately the meaning of a book in its several parts and forming a competent judgment of it for the sake of individual—and ultimately social—enlightenment. Reading for insight, Dr. Adler thinks, is rarer in our day than at certain periods in the past; and he is rightly convinced that this sort of self-education is the best means of maintaining freedom in an age of propaganda and calculated irrationalism. I shall not divulge here the system of rules which Dr. Adler has worked out for the intending reader. The student of great books—and they alone constitute the materials of reading as an art—will find that like all arts, it is not quite so simple as mastering the multiplication table, though, contrary to common belief, it is equally within the reach of ordinary brains.

While enthusiastically agreeing with his main thesis, I wish to question here one or two of Professor Adler's assertions. I am struck first of all by what appear to me inconsistent beliefs in the fixity of truth and in the democratic diversity of minds. The author's liberalism, which he very sensibly connects with a truly liberal education, rests on what he calls the authority of reason, which implies that given world enough and time, there would be in a thoroughly educated community no disagreements about truth. Though tastes might differ, wisdom would be one. The history of ideas shows that this is a vain hope. The problem is not to become unanimously reasonable, but to get on with men who contradict us through no unreason of theirs or ours.

Denying this relativism, Dr. Adler is haunted, it seems to me, by the common but essentially superstitious fear that it must mean "anything goes"—that, for example, any old interpretation of the Constitution or the Book of Job is as good as any other. Relativism means no such thing: it means relating a truth to the observer of it. Curiously enough, what Dr. Adler rejects as a possibility for the living, namely, "two or more sides to a question," he accepts for the great dead of the European tradition, since he asks us to read with sympathy a grand list of great books from Homer to William James—a list that expounds at least half a dozen irreconcilable views of the world. The "truth" of these contradictory books must therefore be sought by one of two ways—either by a winnowing out of "error" from each one in the light of some orthodoxy, or else by a consideration of each world view as coher-

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ent, tenable, illuminating—valid, in fact, as far as it goes and as far as its holder is concerned.

But then what becomes of Professor Adler's formal way of extracting the meaning of a great book and ridding oneself of mere opinion? Making outlines, parsing sentences, and testing syllogisms are thoroughly good exercises, but what do they yield—discipline, understanding, or truth? Perhaps these are connected, but is the sequence infallible? All good teachers want to give mental discipline and all honest teachers report innumerable failures; but how many of the reported successes are merely apparent—the student having acquired nothing more than a technique of formal analysis, a set of carving knives, and not a working mind? Commentators, whom Dr. Adler greatly admires, are generally felt by thinkers to be an accursed race. Shall teachers strive to develop thinkers or train commentators?

As a corollary to this problem, I might suggest that Dr. Adler's impatience with the American undergraduate, and particularly with college reading courses that are not under his supervision, is perhaps excessive. He underestimates the effect of age and experience on the faculty of understanding. He regrets the lack of method in his own education, envying the French. Yet many products of the French lycée, which is all method, deplore their own system. Certainly many of the writers in the great tradition not only beseech *un*academic minds for the only hearing they hope to get, but also assert the futility of the system, as system, in the education they received. Perhaps the same can be said of Mr. Adler's, which is by turns winning, provocative, sensible, utopian, familiar, and original: it will do many people an immense amount of good. It may also stiffen not a few in the belief that industry and method make an artist. The grain of salt needed to season any system must as always be self-administered. But this does not mean that Professor Adler has not deserved well of his country and earned the reward of the bearers of light.

Jacques Barzun, who is in the Department of History at Columbia University, is the author of "Of Human Freedom."

Houghton Mifflin Company announces a new series of books, entitled "Life in America," which will be introduced by a prize contest. Manuscripts will be judged on the basis of their contribution to the understanding of our country. Inquiries should be addressed to Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

The Man Who Made Himself

CALVIN COOLIDGE. The Man from Vermont. By Claude M. Fuess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 522 *pp., with index.* $4.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

THIS is the last word on Calvin Coolidge, an honest, fair estimate of him, dramatic, entertaining, informative, above all authentic, and never dull. Fuess presents the real Coolidge as his personal letters to his father, his wife, and his friends reveal him (much of this material made public for the first time), and as his intimates knew him and saw him. Although Fuess had access to the private papers of Coolidge and his associates, his study is by no means an "approved" biography. He does not hesitate to put Coolidge in his place, bluntly and unceremoniously, in those particulars where he feels Coolidge deserves it, as for instance, in his description of the Vermont Yankee adrift in foreign affairs. I liked, too, the author's restraint in dealing with the exaggerations, inventions, and mistakes of earlier biographers.

Calvin Coolidge "appears a natural, normal man with a number of understandable idiosyncrasies; a shy, sensitive, thoughtful, considerate Yankee." (From "Drawn for Life," by S. J. Woolf.)

William Allen White, in his "Puritan in Babylon," presented Coolidge against the broad background of world affairs. Fuess puts Coolidge under a microscope and concentrates on the man himself, his abilities, shortcomings, and peculiarities. The two books together give a rounded picture of the man. Each complements and supplements the other. Fuess's study is fully documented. The chapter on the Boston police strike, so often distorted, has a ring of utter accuracy. It should settle forever the disputes concerning Coolidge's whereabouts before, during, and after the crisis, and place the blame for the strike where it belongs. Fuess also corrects a number of popular misconceptions and deflates various exaggerations about Coolidge, including some of the popular Coolidge jokes, tracing them back, in some cases, to their sources.

Who made Coolidge? The evidence is sifted here; the parts that Frank Stearns, Dwight Morrow, and a number of others played in helping shape his destiny are told; and in the end, the reader comes to the conclusion that Coolidge made himself. In the face of the devastating testimony that Fuess records here, some of the claims made a few years back that Coolidge was controlled, either by a money or political clique, appear to be completely unfounded—in fact, almost ridiculous.

Mr. Fuess's Coolidge differs widely from the man as he is popularly remembered. Under his handling he appears a natural, normal man with a number of understandable idiosyncrasies; a shy, sensitive, thoughtful, considerate Yankee. Those who have wondered why the Massachusetts Irish supported Coolidge in such large numbers will find the answer here in his letters to his father and the recollections, and reminiscences of his friends. Woven into the biography, too, is a touching, sympathetic story of the late Frank Stearns, Coolidge's man Friday, a saga of unselfish friendship; and the critics of Dwight Morrow may revise their opinions after reading it.

I do not hesitate to recommend this biography. As a record of the golden age, up to the time the curtain fell in 1929, it ought to become a standard political reference book. It should be a "must" for students of popular government, and it ought to have a vogue among those who recall the halcyon pre-depression days with a nostalgic twinge.

Joseph F. Dinneen is on the staff of the "Boston Globe." He is the author of "Ward Eight" and "Pius XII, Pope of Peace."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Children's Crusade for Children

THERE was a children's crusade in the Middle Ages that failed—a mass movement, hysterically led, where little bodies were herded across Europe toward an impossible ideal. The Children's Crusade announced last week is very different in character. This nation-wide project announced last week by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and her associates, is no crusade of the emotions only, but a plan, soundly based and well organized, for enabling millions and millions of American children to show that war, exile, and impoverishment can arouse compassion as well as horror, hate, and morbid curiosity. Our children are fortunate in that they have reasonable assurance of home and parents in a peaceful country; yet it is not a blessing that the devastation in Europe and the East is so often presented to their imaginations as a terror of dropping bombs, burning houses, machinery of war, and mankind in one of its too frequent moods of callous and uncalculating cruelty.

This children's crusade, which has already enrolled as auxiliaries the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and many other youth organizations with a personnel of millions, hopes to collect in the last ten days of April a penny for each year of age from as many as possible of the thirty millions of school children throughout the United States, the funds thus raised to be distributed through recognized channels for refugee relief to children without a home or country all over the distressed areas of the world. With an emergency that grows daily and threatens to become one of the great disasters in world history, no sum that can be raised by children for children, can be too much, even for the beginning of relief.

But it is a question whether the results for the giver in this crusade are not as well worth considering as the relief to refugee children who may be saved for another and perhaps better generation. Indeed, the founders of this plan for children's aid to children have felt that its educational value was its chief justification among so many drives to raise money for the afflicted. The new world, whatever it may become, will belong to those who are now children. It would be a deep injustice and a great wrong, if American children in this crisis should be allowed to remain ignorant of, or indifferent to, what is happening to other children abroad—what *might* happen to them.

With this in view, the ablest writers of the country are publishing in newspapers and magazines everywhere, stories, editorials, articles, on children in trouble abroad. The movies are to do their share, and the radio also. With the coöperation of libraries throughout the United States, there will be displays of books about children in every land. Plays have been written for performance in the schools. An educational committee has prepared rich material for use in connection with the school curriculums, where the school authorities have already been effectively at work. Judging from the list of sponsors and abettors, no cause in recent years has elicited a warmer response from Americans everywhere who are in touch, directly or indirectly, with the children of the United States.

Whatever the sum raised may amount to, the indirect results of this children's crusade seem to the writer of this editorial to be of quite incalculable importance. The question of economic and political isolationism may be debatable, but no genuine American has ever advocated an isolationism of human sympathy. That would mean, not only a defeat of Christianity, but a defeat also of the qualities in human nature which have made our civilization possible. This, of course, is particularly true for American civilization, which, in its complexities, contains elements from the blood and culture of so many lands. And civilization begins with the children. The Mongols who heaped pyramids of human heads while they were destroying an Arabic culture, and who afterwards destroyed each other, were not irrational. They had merely been trained from childhood to regard the sufferings of non-Mongols as outside of their sympathies, as non-human. If charity begins at home, it becomes sterile unless exercised abroad. And if sympathy is to subsist at home, it must be extended wherever human trouble goes.

Whether it is a penny or ten pennies dropped into the can provided for the purpose, one envies the children who, with no burden of responsibility for the times in which we find ourselves, can contribute their mites to the possible reconstruction of what will be their world. H. S. C.

Transcontinental Bus

BY DANIEL SMYTHE

ON a strange land we have the light now, we are banked
In a light that plays with green like shimmering wings,
And like the shifting of the speeding land beneath us,
The conversation across the aisle drifts and sags—
The milk strike, price of grain, politics,
And the grim shadow of war, repeated war.
War is in every word, on every tongue,
In the clubbed newspaper waved for emphasis,
In the bus wheels singing: we are going east,
We are sawing away the miles, and as we grind,
The night that buries Europe is hurrying to us.
What have we with turmoil, I think, we in this light,
Surrounded by fields and orchards and breathing wind?
Are not the corn-flame, the trees enough for them
Through excited windows that they must speak of gas,
And force, and hate? Look to the sky and marvel!
But as I look, and as the road is torn by thunder,
I see the far shade, the setting sun behind,
And darkness sweeps in waves upon the world,
Pressing the fields, cutting the hills apart,
And drowning all our talk and eyes in night.
It is the night assailing us as ever,
Night in the east toward which the fast wheels spin;
Europe has had it; Europe sends it on to us
With choking sights within its eyes of stars
And thoughts in the dark wind that cool our words.

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Letters to the Editor: *More about Dr. Watson*

Watson's Nationality

SIR:—Mr. R. Ellis Roberts disputes Christopher Morley's hypothesis that Sherlock Holmes had an American father or mother.

Well, I am forced to dispute Mr. Roberts's hypothesis that Dr. Watson was an American. And, like Mr. Roberts, I shall employ "A Study in Scarlet" as my witness. I am willing to waive the fact that Dr. Watson had his Mormon party, just past the Pawnee country, approaching the Rio Grande (some 500 miles south of the Mormon Trail) because an American could slip on that. I am willing to waive even the ersatz Americanisms Dr. Watson places on the lips of allegedly American characters. My overwhelming proof is this:

The child Lucy, believing she is to perish on the desert, anticipates meeting her mama in heaven and she says: "I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of. . . . "

If Dr. Watson were an American, if his mother had been an American, or if his Uncle Peleg had been an American he'd certainly know enough about buckwheat cakes not to permit an American girl to talk about toasting them. I suspect Dr. John H. Watson was a New Zealander.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS.
Hamburg, N. Y.

Escape Reading

SIR:—It is my belief that more people are reading Trollope's books now than the author of "I Know He Was Right" wots of.

Some months ago there appeared in the *Satevepost* an article on the classics (or what *he* considered the great books) by Maugham and in this he cited "The Eustace Diamonds" as Trollope's finest novel. At that time my omnivorous reading had not embraced Trollope but I quickly started on him, reading "The Eustace Diamonds" and "Dr. Thorne" within the month, and I thought the latter novel much the better. Since then, I have read "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers" and am at present half-way through "Framley Parsonage." Mary Thorne and Lucy Robarts were real persons even in that artificial age and could fit themselves into the twentieth century scene easily enough. Miss Dunstable *was* twentieth century and doubtless only her great wealth saved her from the charge of being unwomanly.

I understand that the *London Times* recommends Trollope's novels as "escape reading" for a war-weary people.

DOROTHY H. AVERY.
Morgantown, N. C.

"Miss Millay's readings were beautiful, but I'm getting a little sick of cream cheese and pimiento on toast."

Yankee Fourierists

SIR:—While examining experiments in establishing socialistic communities in New England during the last century, I have run into some difficulties in acquiring detailed information about the Fourierist community in Northampton, Massachusetts. The Northampton Fourierists were coeval with George Ripley's Brook Farm, their community having been started in 1842 while Ripley launched his Utopia in 1841. If any *Saturday Review* reader has in his possession any original documents or other papers that may throw some light on the Northampton group, and will send them to the undersigned at Hudson, Massachusetts, they will be gratefully received, quickly copied, and carefully returned.

ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT.
Hudson, Massachusetts.

Argonews

SIR:—I submit herewith a list of much needed slang terms, now introduced for the first time:

axlebarger: average woman driver
anglewangle: to steal ideas from others
balkie: a slow movie
bulchump: a stout woman
bar-shee: woman barfly
botherhood: annoying friends
blaplot: trite hokum
cowsnort: unconvincing stage weeping
castlework: to gold dig
cradleyapper: obnoxious child actor
carswarmers: service station attendants
cellsimple: shy on brains
droniac: over-lengthy radio advertiser
earwag: a radio would-be wit
gaspeller: noisy evangelist
gagdiver: one who uses old jokes
Hollyboob: autograph fiend
microbat: stuttering announcer
nudazine: French illustrated mazagine
radiache: poor radio program
ragazine: feeble magazine
snapsap: candid camera hound
spousebreaker: husband or wife snatcher
stumbleclumper: woman fox hunter
sexpert: learned writer on marital problems
tunehack: mediocre composer
tongue-stag: meeting for women only
treepounder: C.C.C. boy
wingskirt: airways hostess
wammydub: one who seeks publicity

These words, adapted to our advancing needs to express our streamlined conceptions, might well be adopted. Oxford dictionary please note and credit to their originator—

FRANK STOWELL (M.A.).
Snoqualmie Falls, Wash.

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Orphans of the Twentieth Century

A STRICKEN FIELD. By Martha Gellhorn. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

SUFFERING as a result of political or economic pressure has become a standard theme in current literature. It is the kind of suffering which does not spring from the individual's psychology, but forces itself upon him, ruthless and illogical. A long line of twentieth-century martyrs files through our novels, united by their helplessness against the invincible "monster," be it a war, the management of a bank, or a governmental decree. There is a secret bond between the Joads and Peter Mendelssohn's refugees or the stricken people in Martha Gellhorn's novel.

The theme of undeserved, inescapable suffering carries Miss Gellhorn's story. Men and women, clean-minded, brave, enduring, struggle for their course and against their fate, defeated at the end by the "monster" which, in their case, is Hitler's Germany. They are refugees from the Sudeten territory, from Austria and German cities. They hide in Prague, a dead city after the Munich peace, but know they must leave; they must return to Germany and face prisons and concentration camps. We watch their misery and their defeat, side by side with Mary Douglas, an American journalist who has come to Prague during the crisis. Mary Douglas represents the very spirit of the book; she is human, full of sympathy and pity; she is observant; she is good-hearted, and intelligent enough to be realistic. Yet she is a type rather than a human being, and at times we wish, for the novel's sake, that she were less noble and more real.

This holds true for most of Miss Gellhorn's characters. They seem too perfect, too much moulded on the plot. Her heroes wear their labels too obviously. Not that we doubt the possibility of their heroism. There have been many Peters in Germany or Czechoslovakia who would rather be beaten to death than give away vital secrets. The Peter in "A Stricken Field" is one of them. We know many things about him and Rita, the brave girl he loves. Yet they both fail to come truly to life. They appear like a device, invented to add more human interest to a good and truthful newspaper story.

The tone of compassion underlying each of the chapters is convincingly

Blackstone Studios

"It is no accident that Martha Gellhorn . . . is at her best when describing general events."

sincere; it comes close to sentimentality only when woven novelistically into the plot. At times the love between Rita and Peter appears painfully sweet, growing dubiously melodramatic when Rita listens in the cellar to the voices and noises of the Nazis who torture her lover to death.

It is no accident that Miss Gellhorn, a journalist by profession, is at her best when describing general events or sketching the political background. If her individual characterizations lack vitality, she knows how to describe a crowd; how to paint the despair of people, clustered hopelessly in a shabby refugee home:

> No one moved. They seemed to be growing where they stood. Mary felt that if they moved some disaster would happen, the floor would cave in, the walls would collapse. She found she was holding her breath staring at them. They stood in rows, without any particular order or plan, and she saw them from wall to wall, the denim work clothes, the corduroys, heavy boots, muddy or dusty, caps, white shirts and blue shirts . . . but all the faces were the same, narrow with weariness, with trouble marked painfully on the foreheads between the eyes, the bitter mouths close and curving down.

It is regrettable that her leading characters and her plot are so close to the heroic pattern. "A Stricken Field" is told with sensitivity. Mary Douglas's pity is the author's own pity for the misery that she has watched. It is hard for the reviewer to point out the weakness of a novel which in spirit is so much on the right side, and which reveals so clearly the author's strength of feeling.

"H. C. B."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HENRY CUYLER BUNNER. By Gerard E. Jensen. Durham: Duke University Press. 1940. 248 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TODAY, to find a parallel, it might be E. B. White of *Harpers.* In those days it was H. C. Bunner of *Puck.* Writing the "Suburban Sage" series almost up to the time of his death, and contributing to other periodicals essays and stories, the famous author of "Short Sixes: Stories to Be Read While the Candle Burns," and of "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," unobtrusively withdrew from the scene in the Spring of 1896.

When Bunner was in his younger twenties, Keppler and Schwarzmann, Germans who were on the staff of Frank Leslie's publication (the former as a draughtsman, the latter as a printer) launched *Puck* in the German language. They were prevailed upon to get out an edition in English and Bunner was the first man asked to join the staff of the new weekly. His fortunes were inseparable from it from that day. It was in the *Puck* office that Brander Matthews first met him. Both were experimenting in *vers de société.* Not long after, in *Scribner's,* appeared two of Bunner's most noted poems in the French forms, his chant royal, "Behold the Deeds!" and his triolet, "A Pitcher of Mignonette." It was the day of such things, and no one had a wittier touch.

It was also the day of Stockton, Joe Jefferson, Howells, Aldrich, Helen Hunt Jackson, Laurence Hutton, and the amusing R. K. Munkittrick. Keppler was the great cartoonist, succeeding Nast. Charles Dana Gibson's first comic drawings appeared in *Puck.* As versifier, editor, and short-story writer, "H. C. B." gained an enviable place in lighter American letters. He was an endearing fellow as well as a deft craftsman. Mr. Gerard E. Jensen's "Life" is not only a good account of the man but contains a rich collection of his letters.

"Love in Old Cloathes" was one of Bunner's best stories, "Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe," one of his most widely quoted poems. *Puck,* said Philip Hale, "was a power in the land as long as Bunner and Keppler lived." No wonder that Hutton wrote to Bunner, in presenting him with a copy of his (Hutton's) book on Edinburgh:

From bony Ami Laurie
this book to H. C. B.
For Bunner, any Laurie
would lay him doun and dee!

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*BOOK PREVIEW**

History Out of a Catalogue

BY DAVID L. COHN

ONLY thirty years ago this country still preserved its early pattern of an agrarian economy, despite the stupendous growth of industrialism and urbanism after the Civil War. At the beginning of the twentieth century, there were still far more people in the country than in the cities: forty-six millions living in rural territory as against thirty millions in urban territory. And country folk were evidently readers of books.

One reason, perhaps, that reading played an important part in their lives was because men and women stayed or had to stay largely at home and limit their activities to a narrow compass. In 1900, there were only eight thousand registered automobiles in the United States as opposed to millions of bicycles and buggies on the roads. Living was not, so to speak, centralized as it is now, but decentralized; it was intensely regional and local, with the village as the circle, the home as the center of the circle, and the city far out on the periphery.

So, too, in the early years of the century, motion pictures still led a crude and almost furtive existence as nickelodeons operating in ill-smelling, uncomfortable store buildings in down-at-heel neighborhoods of cities; automobiles were the luxury of the rich or the eccentric, and the wireless, out of which the radio was later to emerge, was in an experimental state. In the absence of these elements that later were to play with centrifugal force on the reading habit, men depended upon their own resources for amusement, and reading was one of the most popular forms of entertainment.

In 1905, therefore, the rural population, with leisure before them, and with few facilities for dissipating it, spent part of it reading books. What they read is told us by the Sears, Roebuck catalogue of that year.

The best-selling book in the world has always been the Bible. Church attendance may decline, preachers may thunder that the days of Sodom and Gomorrah are at hand, scientists may demolish Adam and Eve, and scholars prove that the Bible is no more the product of divine inspiration than the cookbook, but Bibles continue to lead all other books in annual volume of sales. If this is true now, it was certainly true in 1905, and, as proof, we find the catalogue of that year listing seventy-five kinds of Bibles and ten books about the Bible.

Nearly every home had, in addition to smaller Bibles, one big family Bible that was at once the repository of family history and the central altar of the home. It often lay on the parlor table flanked by Longfellow's "Poems" and the mail-order catalogue.

Many must have read "Our $12.00 Family Bible Only $4.89," if not for its text then for the extracurricular course in the appendix. Here one found "10 multi-colored plates, 4 superb half-tone engravings in gold and color; Jewish Worships, Tabernacles and Vestments, Holy Apostles with descriptions, 8 pages of maps of the Holy Land, and 32 full page Doré engravings."

These were Protestant Bibles, but the religious needs of Roman Catholics were not neglected by the universal catalogue. Catholic Bibles were more expensive than those of the Protestants, working out on a poundage basis at about forty cents a pound as compared with ten to twenty cents charged the Dissenters. The Catholic Bibles omit the vital statistics that were standard equipment for the Protestant, and, of course, the temperance pledge, because the temperance movement in this country has largely been Protestant.

The catalogue of 1905 lists a number of books about the Bible, but none of them reveals the teachings and discoveries of evolutionists, psychologists, anthropologists, or astrophysicists whose words might throw doubt upon the conception of God as the creator of the universe and the father of mankind.

American life is perhaps inexplicable if the evangelistic strain that runs through it is omitted from consideration; many of the catalogue's books and the attitudes they exemplify are likewise inexplicable save in terms of evangelism. The lengthened shadow of the great and the obscure evangelists lingers upon the land; the orgiastic religionism of the Western and Southern pioneers is still practised in many parts of the country; everywhere it lies below the surface of the souls of the people capable of being evoked and brought to the top, in times of national stress, by the sonorous voices of eloquent preachers, whether lay, gospel, or political. This accounts in part for the sudden and sometimes cataclysmic changes of the national mood; from mild sunshine in morning to howling tornado by night. It throws some light upon the reason why Americans—as contradistinguished from Europeans—are more easily moved by moral outrage inflicted upon helpless nations or minorities than they are by their coldly

Are You at Ease Among Strangers?
People of culture and good breeding can be recognized at once. They are calm, well poised, at ease. They have dignity and self-assurance. Why? Because they are fortified with the knowledge of what to do, what to say and how to act on every occasion.
But there are other persons who are never at ease before people. They are awkward, self conscious, fearful all the time that they will do something that is not right. These people are afraid to accept invitations because they don't know what to wear. They are afraid to go to receptions, balls, uniformal gatherings, because they do not know how to act. They have a haunting fear of making social blunders. They don't know how to acknowledge formal invitations, they do not know the social customs that every man and woman should know.
With the aid of "Etiquette" you need never be at a loss to know what to do on all occasions. This book will give you the key to what is proper to do, to write, to wear, to say. 384 pages. Cloth. Size, 5⅛x7⅛ inches. Shipping weight, 1 pound.
3V3500—ETIQUETTE—An Encyclopedia of Good Manners and Social Usage..... 89c

"The pathetic fallacy that men could grow rich and cultured by reading this or that book . . ." (From the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue for 1905.)

**The Saturday Review presents a condensation of a chapter from "The Good Old Days," by David L. Cohn to be published in March by Simon & Schuster. This is a chronicle of American social history as reflected in the Sears, Roebuck catalogues.*

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logical national interests. Woe unto that foreign power which seeks to interpret the trend of American international policy without taking deeply into consideration the strain of evangelism that surges in the blood of millions of Americans.

The catalogue is conscious of the bleak boredom that affected youngsters after they had attended church in the morning, eaten a heavy meal at noon, and then had nothing to anticipate for the remainder of the day except more Bible reading. It does not offer them for release what was then called a "French novel" or other earthly diversion, but a book whose purpose it frankly says is "to furnish entertainment and instruction for the young people during the long Sabbath afternoons." This sugar-coated morsel —almost profane reading—was "From Eden to Calvary, or, Through the Bible in a Year," by Grandpa Reuben Prescott.

After church services, adults, who wanted to sharpen their vision of the delights of heaven that they would someday encounter, peered through chinks in the pearly gates opened for them by the Right Reverend Samuel Fallows, D.D., in "The Home Beyond, or, View of Heaven," or dipped into a book written by D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, which contained "several hundred interesting stories about his wonderful works in Europe and America." Such volumes as these were, however, mere spiritual hors d'oeuvres to the genuinely devout. When they wanted something substantial upon which to feed their hungry, heaven-yearning souls, they bought forty pounds of Matthew Henry's "Works" (for $7.75), because "Bible students appreciate the unfading freshness, the spiritual force, the quaint humor, and the evangelical richness of Matthew Henry's Exposition of the Old and New Testaments."

The catalogue's books—those that it included and those that it omitted —thus accurately reflected the religious mind of rural America in 1905.

Then, as now, the "best" novel was likely to be the last novel off the press. Consequently, we find the "best fiction of the day at prices that have no competition. The list given below does not pretend to be a complete record of all the new fiction published, but includes only the more popular and best selling books of the last six months."

"Beverly of Grustark," by George Barr McCutcheon; "Call of the Wild," by Jack London; "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon; "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli; "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine; "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm," by Kate D. Wiggins; "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson; "The Virginian," by Owen Wister.

Augusta J. Evans was a novelist whose popularity remained undiminished for fifty years. The catalogue does not exaggerate when it says of her: "The author's genius and fascinating style are as fresh today in her later books as they were in her earlier, which after thirty-six years of constant use still hold their popularity."

Sir Walter Scott continued to hold, in 1905, the place that he had held for more than half a century in the esteem of American readers. His popularity flowed not only from the fact that he was an expert storyteller, but also because his novels were regarded as being "pure, wholesome, and inspiring," and the author himself one who led a life of noble rectitude. The touchstone, in fact, to popular success in literature over large stretches of America was not the content of a writer's books but the content of his life. If the author drank alcohol in any form, smoked opium, beat his wife, or lived outside the holy bonds of wedlock, then, although he may have been a Shakespeare, a Balzac, and a Dostoievsky rolled into one, he and his works were beyond the pale of respectable readers.

At the turn of the century, James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady" (first published in 1896) was immensely popular and was recommended in current editorials for reading by young girls. It attracted a great deal of attention and was considered daring, but daring in a wholesome manner, and well may it have been, for it was an excellent and detailed description of how to arouse a man and keep him happy though unsatisfied. Men are regarded as savage and dangerous creatures who must be outwitted and beaten at their own game by young girls, who, if triumphant, would then lead them captive to the altar. This is a point of view, of course, that still survives in much of the magazine fiction of our time: the seducing male turned into the adoring husband by a good woman, with detailed descriptions of trials and titillations en route from porch swing to church altar.

James Lane Allen. His "Summer in Arcady" was recommended reading for young girls.

The novels of this period—again like much present-day magazine fiction—while containing an ironclad moral, were lush with sensuality and descriptions of what might not be done. As long as the writer prefixed a warm passage with a warning that this is what the young girl should avoid, she could indulge up to the very point where her virginity was in jeopardy and must then retreat.

The battle of conflicting points of view about chastity and marriage and sexual relations is nowhere reflected directly in the 1905 catalogue's book section. It offered its readers "the works of standard authors" such as Shakespeare, Oliver Optic, Hugo, Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Washington Irving, and Henty. The disturbing and doubtless immoral Thomas Hardy is absent, along with the wicked English boys of the days of "The Yellow Book," the infamous Russians, the decadent French, and the vicious Viennese and Germans.

Although Mark Twain had been practising the art of letters for many years before 1905, and had achieved fame both at home and abroad as a humorist, he was not represented among the humorists of the catalogue. The only reference to him is in a volume called "Hot Stuff," "A Collection of Witty Writings by Mark Twain, Eli Perkins, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Alexander Sweet, Bret Harte, De Witt Talmage, and nearly fifty others. Humor, wit, pathos, satire and ridicule, repartee, bulls and blunders, clerical wit and humor, lawyer's wit and humor, anecdotes of great men, puns and conundrums, etc."

The catalogue honors another humorist, however, by the inclusion in its pages of Bill Nye's "Remarks"— "the author's greatest and best book." It then adds a devastatingly anticlimactic sentence of appraisal: "It is one that will live for weeks after other books have passed away."

In 1905, judging from the popular literature and social conventions of the times, one might have come to the conclusion that the rapid growth of the population proceeded not from the unholy contact of vile bodies, but out of pure parthenogenesis. American censorship and American prudery made the circulation and reading of any book difficult for the masses unless it was "wholesome," and the attitude of the country toward realistic

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literature was still that of Tennyson in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

> Authors—atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
> Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art.
> Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;
> Down with Reticence, down with Reverence—forward—naked—let them stare.
> Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer;
> Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure.
> Set the maiden fancies wallowing in troughs of Zolaism,—
> Forward, forward, ay and backward, downward too into the abysm.

But there was a large group of books—many of them are listed in the catalogue—about sex and its manifestations which escaped the ban because they purported to be "scientific" and at the same time dealt with the question in a "pure" manner. These books, dragging in God, the Bible, and purity, are obviously the reverse of scientific. They were written and bought primarily for their appeal to the puritan mind as pornography. Pornography indeed of a particularly scabrous kind and dirtier than the writing of jokes on lavatory walls; sootier than the laughter of yokels at a burlesque show; filthier than the talk of boys in a livery stable, because throughout these volumes the voice is allegedly the voice of God.

A significant incident of this period is the visit of Maxim Gorky to the United States in 1906. He and Madame Gorky were given a warm welcome on arrival and the great Russian writer was soon to be the guest of honor at a dinner to be attended by Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and other famous figures in the American world of literature and politics. But hardly had the Russian couple settled down in their rooms in the Hotel Belleclaire in New York before they were ejected because "the revolutionist was unable to satisfy the proprietor that the mother of Gorky's two children, who is still in Russia, had been divorced and that his present companion is his legal wife."

The Gorkys, it seems, were a menace to the sanctity of the American home, and were hounded from hotel to hotel and forced to deposit their luggage for safekeeping in the unopinionated luggage room of the Grand Central Terminal. Finally, the couple found asylum in the home of a friend on Staten Island. The dinner to Gorky was canceled and Mark Twain gave the following statement to the newspapers:

"Gorky came to this country to lend the influence of his great name—and

(*Continued on page* 17)

The Forces that Wrecked the Peace

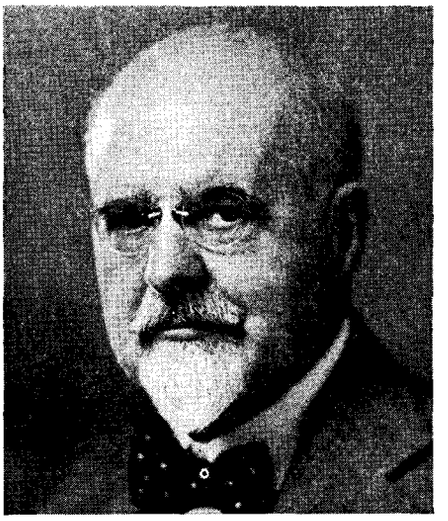
THE STORM BREAKS. A Panorama of Europe and the Forces That Have Wrecked Its Peace. By Frederick T. Birchall. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 366 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL needs no introduction to readers of *The New York Times*. After twenty-seven years with the *Times*, including six as Managing Editor, Mr. Birchall took charge of its European service in 1932. For the next seven years he acted as roving correspondent throughout Europe, winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1934. Keen, alert, and wiry as a fox terrier, he managed to turn up for most of the exciting events of this exciting period. His articles, like those of Walter Duranty, were (and are, for Mr. Birchall is now in Canada) conspicuous in *The New York Times* for their personal and subjective style, easily identifiable even if not signed. Mr. Birchall, in fact, achieved such a remarkable success as foreign correspondent because he broke most of the formal rules taught in our schools of journalism.

"The Storm Breaks" is distinguished by the same accurate reporting, vivid description, and personal sentiment that marked Mr. Birchall's daily articles. Perhaps the best example of these qualities, including Mr. Birchall's mildly Anglophile attitude, may be found in the chapter called "Two Sovereigns," describing the funeral of King George V and the abdication of King Edward VIII. He manages to contrast the two personalities, to reflect the popular emotions in each instance, and to interpret accurately the place of the monarchy in British life. For some reason, Mr. Birchall omits entirely the coronation of King George VI, upon which in May, 1937 he lavished his most colorful sentences. There are many scenes that stand out in the reader's memory: the opening of the Disarmament Conference in 1932, Clara Zeitkin's address before the Reichstag, the first Nazi congress at Nuremberg, the suppression of the Vienna Socialists in 1934 and murder of Dollfuss in 1936, and the Munich conference. These are Birchall at his best.

Mr. Birchall's gift for description proves, however, to be something of a weakness, for it leaves little room for analysis. His book resembles a newsreel, offering many separate pictures of men and events rather than a connected narrative. While Germany remains the central point of discussion, it is treated episodically and not comprehensively. The weaknesses of



Wide World

Frederick T. Birchall

British policy are suggested but never thoroughly investigated. France and Italy figure only occasionally in Mr. Birchall's reminiscences; the Soviet Union almost never. The Spanish civil war is scarcely mentioned in a period dominated by its diplomatic and military developments. While enjoying the many brilliant portraits of human beings—individual and in the mass—and the graceful style, one is disappointed that Mr. Birchall fails consistently to scrape the surface of events and to relate and interpret his observations. As the subtitle suggests, this is a panorama but not a guide-book.

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association. He is the author of various reports on recent European trends.

Ashes of Prophecy

EUROPE TO LET. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MISS JAMESON subtitles her novel "The Memoirs of an Obscure Man" and suggests that the narrative is being told by a common man of earthy stock who has somehow become a writer. We had better begin by disregarding this. The idea of sifting the muddle of war and hatred through a simple, questioning mind is in all probability a good one, but that is not the idea of this book. From the first, the fiction of "I am a peasant; my bones ache in a north wind—" is whisked out of sight by the quality of the mind we see in operation. It is subtle, sophisticated, keenly sensitive to the shifting of forces super- and subterranean, and in the

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process of achieving, out of the European welter, a difficult and mystic philosophy. I have read this philosophy in the work of an American poet; no one has defined it better. In a poem called "A Little Scraping," Robinson Jeffers ends with these lines:

> God is here, too, secretly smiling, the beautiful power
> That piles up cities for the poem of their fall
> And gathers multitudes like game to be hunted when the season comes.

and he speaks again, in "Rearmament," of the

> Disastrous rhythm, the heavy and mobile masses, the dance of the Dream-led masses down the dark mountain.

This is the burden of Miss Jameson's book, a poet's view of a dark Earth-tragedy in which all are blameless and fated, all moving in and yielding to a rhythm that gives mysterious release, hunting and hunted when the season comes.

Granted this overlooks all the reasoning we have laboriously built up to explain history: economics and politics, class-interest and class-struggle, the logic of materialism, nevertheless it does begin to explain some few of the things Miss Jameson has found in Europe. She has found men in every corner of the continent conscious, above all else, of a large pattern of mass behavior more psychic than reasonable, that draws them into it, commands their lives. They do not see it whole, but they feel its power.

Sometimes they see its meaning, and cry out, as a young German does here:

> We get past ourselves. Then you begin to hate us. But you don't think of helping us. You punish us. One of these days, no doubt, we shall set fire to the house; we shall burn it to the ground, with everything in it—Chartres, the Black Forest, Vienna, Prague, Cracow. How you will hate us then. And in our hearts we shall blame you.

Miss Jameson has traced the ashes of half of this prophecy through Prague and Vienna, Cologne, Budapest, Paris, in terms of the psychic atmosphere, the mounting tension, the release, dream-led and violent. It is exciting, haunting reading. It is a view of life that will irritate the purely rational; yet it had better be taken account of.

Music as You Like It

THE WELL-TEMPERED LISTENER. By Deems Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 333 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by IRVING KOLODIN

TO deal properly with "The Well-Tempered Listener" one should possess the urbanity, learning, good-humor, and slight tinge of intellectual speciousness which are combined, among those writing on music in America, only in Deems Taylor. Since it happens that Mr. Taylor is the author of this book, and it is not likely that he could be dragooned into that chore (though he did once report on a concert in which a work of his was played, and commented bitterly on the composer's lack of adroitness in bowing) the less-gifted reviewer must necessarily begin under a handicap. He will admire the urbanity, respect the learning, enjoy the good-humor, and be provoked by the side-stepping that is a recurrent motive in the book. In any case, he must concede, however grudgingly, that every page has its interest.

These pieces are based primarily on Mr. Taylor's radio talks during intermissions of the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra's Sunday broadcasts. This means, judging by the medium, that they must be entertaining, informative, and sound (in that order). Sometimes, as in the essays entitled "Guesswork," "Sir James's Umbrella," and "Euterpe and the Gestapo," Mr. Taylor achieves the requirements of his medium easily, artfully, and with a good deal of shrewd sense. In others, as in "The Twilight of the Gods" and "The Great Divide," one has the feeling that Mr. Taylor has deliberately suppressed the evidence that disturbs his basic point in order to preserve the unity, however specious, of his argument. In both instances, the unobedient facts are finally brought forth, but only as a tag-line, in case somebody should think of them.

If it is conceded, however, that symphonic broadcasts must have commentators, it is obvious that Mr. Taylor is better suited for the job than anyone else who comes to mind. His tendency to over-simplify the personality of the great men with whom he deals is offset by his broad background, and his method of presentation makes as interesting reading as it does listening. One only wishes that he would be as rigorously true to himself as he is to the medium he serves.

Incidentally, and apropos the chapter "Finders-Keepers"—Francis Toye, the eminent English critic, a dozen years ago wrote a book entitled "The Well-Tempered Musician."

Bourbons of the South

SPRING WILL COME AGAIN. By Florence Glass Palmer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 421 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK DANIEL

SOLID gold buttons from his father's Confederate uniform were William Day's only tangible evidence of the past glory whose memory mitigated his Spartan childhood. That extravagant legend was the heritage of his generation of Southerners, born during the Civil War, suckled on conflict, weaned on defeat, schooled in humiliation, and thrust early and ill-equipped into manhood's impoverished estate.

William's ambition was not to be beguiled. He sold his gold buttons and moved from Mississippi to Alabama's Black Belt. In 1880 the land was famous for its dark fertility; and freed slaves provided abundant labor. Here, for the next twenty years, William and his loyal wife, Ardisia, labored to make their legend a reality for their children. "Spring Will Come Again" is an affectionate account of the Day family and their neighbors in Douglasville, "situated at the highest point between the Alabama and the Tombigbee, fed by the purest water, the sweetest air, the blackest land that God Himself limed." But the novel is more ambitiously a wise and appreciative story of recovery—not recovery of an antiquated way of living—but recovery of the strength to order life with new comfort and spaciousness.

The author's "Life and Miss Celeste" showed her insight into provincial character; "Spring Will Come Again" shows her comprehension of broader influences which shape the character of a section. She has shrewd knowledge of the Bourbons, those who salvaged material advantages from the Civil War, and who not always invested their capital wisely. These Bourbons anticipated the deterioration of farming, leaving their lands for unskilled labor to deplete. They were less concerned with training Negro labor than with the exploitation of the poor white, the south's future mill-hand.

These grasping landowners of shrewd foresight and no breadth of vision provide dramatic contrast to the hero, who offers this self-portrait to inquiring Northern investors in the region: "Plenty of poverty in a Reconstruction childhood, a few traditions of happier times, a pretty wife both good and clever, and five children. Does that explain my overalls?"

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The Boston Legend

THE BLACK WINDS BLOW. By Frances Bainbridge Colby. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books. 1940. 369 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

BOSTONIANS have been revolting against Boston for generations now—and yet to find the quintessence of Boston, one must turn to those who rebelled most desperately and fled farthest, such as Henry Adams, Sturgis Bigelow, Henry James. And as the native Bostonian by his revolt only burns the brand deeper into his forehead, so the novelist who cannot resist writing about Boston, finds himself prolonging that very Boston legend which in its complacent survival has infuriated him. What is this absurd backwater, one asks, that it should have been able to annoy such writers as Louis Bromfield, George Santayana, and John Marquand? In the very fact of having impressed them lies plenty of justification for complacency.

And now Miss Frances Bainbridge Colby takes her crack at Boston. She wanted to write the drama of what happens when a Dublin girl marries a Boston man; but the ghost of Boston has triumphed over her too. What interests the reader—and, one suspects, the author—about her book is not the anguish of the girl who loses her husband to the fatuous pattern in which he was brought up, nor his sufferings as he feels himself being separated from her, but the outrageous immutable fact of Boston.

There is, to be sure, a plot in John's escape in Ireland, and his re-submission in Boston, but the love scenes are not exciting, and John's struggles are so ineffective and remote as to be undramatic. There is a violent end for Norah, but it comes suddenly and externally, after a long period of time in which she does little to recapture her lost solidarity with John except to call his mother well-justified names. Consequently, it is in its non-fictional elements rather than as a novel that Miss Colby's book succeeds. Among its chief glories are the description of two parties: one in shabby, lively, easy, brilliant Dublin; and one in Boston, at which the guests are so portentously irrational that Norah feels like Alice in Wonderland with the Mad Hatter.

But the triumph of the book is Miss Colby's portrait of that guardian of the Boston pattern, the Boston matriarch, flat-shoed, flat-footed demon of mental and physical energy, merciless and unscrupulous, who carries realism to the point of brutality, under cover of an idealism carried to the point of fantasy. No one can have lived in Boston and not have met this matriarch; in fact, no one can ever have passed that mysterious sign on Charles Street that used to say "Old Boston Woman's Exchange" without thinking of someone he would gladly offer up, but for the fear of what he might get in return. The portrait of Mrs. Hillier, John's mother, is worthy to hang beside the Old Boston Women drawn by Santayana and Marquand; she moves in exactly the same sewing circles as Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Apley.

Deserted Village

THE HAPPY LAND. By Eric Knight. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MR. KNIGHT appears to be in a valuable minority of one. Memory is faulty; at the moment I cannot recall any other novelist of the English scene who has written about unemployment on its own terms, or on what he conceives to be its own terms. "The Happy Land" is not entirely successful; but one gratefully acknowledges the fact that (until almost the end of the book) no stars twinkle in its author's eyes.

It tells us what happens to the mining village of Apley Moorside in Yorkshire, when the mine shuts down and everyone is thrown out of work. First the savings go—if there are any. Then comes the dole. There are three levels of dole and one descends through them. When winter sets in, the only way to obtain enough coal in this mining district is to steal it. There is plenty of it lying around on the surface, but it would never do to give it away—relations between production and distribution are strained enough already. So there it lies, an expensive and useless pile, and if anybody tries to take it away for cooking or a little warmth, he is fined and imprisoned. The local club is suspect. And if one tries to organize the village as a voting unit—there are sixteen hundred votes in Apley Moorside, enough to swing a close election—the ringleaders are sent to a labor camp. To be sure, they are not *obliged* to go to a labor camp; but if they don't, there will be no dole at all, and their families will starve.

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes from "West Running Brook."

Under such circumstances, in such surroundings, it would be surprising if one's family life did not disintegrate.

This disintegration is brought into focus through the Clough family. The Cloughs bear a vague but haunting resemblance to the Joad family of "The Grapes of Wrath." Mr. Steinbeck's Joads, it is true, are more vital; but they have in this respect the sad advantage of being migratory. They are always on the move; if they had stayed still for a while, they might not seem so vital. The cloud of suspicion and hatred through which the Joads move is, none the less, more palpable than the similar cloud which settles around the Cloughs; not merely because one family of workers is migratory and the other static, nor yet merely because Mr. Steinbeck is a much harder hitting writer than is Mr. Knight. There is still another reason, and a very important one: Mr. Steinbeck works from far more solid facts.

What "The Happy Land" needs is fuller documentation. Its background tends to vagueness; at such times the characters seem to have wandered in from other novels, and not particularly good novels at that. They speak their Yorkshire dialect and inhabit their Yorkshire village without conviction. This happens infrequently, but it makes the tragic effects of "The Happy Land" intermittent rather than cumulative—a serious fault in a book of this kind.

It is not, however, a fatal fault. Mr. Knight has tackled an extremely difficult subject with at least a partial success. His book is an important book; I think it will turn out to be a memorable book, and I hope it will have a wide reading, which it deserves.

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Side-Glance at America

(*Continued from page 4*)

pressed in the bald statement that most British critics and a large part of British readers prefer those American authors who are distinctly American, who bring to English literature freshness of humor, a wild vitality racy of the soil, a bold, heretical attitude to secular traditions and conventions, the air of a world in which Titans, as they storm the holy mountain, take upon themselves the aspect and authority of the Olympians whom they conquer.

Are we non-Americans wrong to admire that kind of artist? Most of them are admired and read here; but are not always taken as seriously as I think they deserve. I suggest that in the attitude of some American critics there can be found a parallel to the attitude which ostracized Poe, sneered at Mark Twain and turned a cold shoulder to Walt Whitman. No longer is the cause of offence the presence of Americanism, or the absence of polite, classical, Addisonian English. Any author can get away with that. But there is a deference to the consciously sophisticated, the deliberately obscure, and a great demand for near-absinthe. Now that there is no reason for any cultural distinction between Europe and America, American writers who remain unashamedly national, provincial, small-town, if you will, are patronized.

I remember years ago when I was writing in praise of Vachel Lindsay—who was hailed by W. B. Yeats in 1921 as America's most genuine poet. I roused the indignation of Mr. Conrad Aiken who blamed me for rejoicing in Lindsay's poetry as a "cat rolls in cat-nip." I don't know whether cats do love cat-nip; but I was proud to be compared with so clear, dainty and discerning an animal; if a cat likes catnip I guess catnip is worth attention. Vachel Lindsay interpreted in poetry aspects of American life, of American enthusiasm and goodness, of American simplicity, if you will, which had been left unhonoured and unsung. Yet I still find him referred to with a shrugging if friendly ridicule by critics who will spend long hours discussing the illegibilities of Hart Crane or e.e. cummings. Similarly there is generally an apologetic note in most serious American criticism of Booth Tarkington, whose work seems to a Briton to come closer to the people and their interests than that of many more labored, less entertaining authors.

The cause of offence here is, I suspect, Tarkington's mixture of entertainment or optimism. The suspicion that the cheerful author, the optimistic author must necessarily be less profound than the gloomy author is not, of course, a peculiarly American trait: it is a strong weed in most of the world's critical gardens at the moment. For myself I enjoy the melancholy, the tough, the slightly mad: but I am sometimes aware of something not too creditable in my enjoyment. No such doubt visits me when I enjoy Dorothy Canfield or Katharine Fullerton Gerould or Willa Cather or Thornton Wilder; and it seems to me natural that the appreciative faculties should be gayer in the enjoyment of an art in accord with a positive, hopeful philosophy. Only the very greatest artists can afford to plunge their world and us in gloom; and I am still astonished at the slight recognition given to the philosophic quality of such a novel as Thornton Wilder's "Heaven's My Destination." All that Mr. Van Doren can find to say of that fine essay in idealism is that Mr. Wilder 'took for his hero a travelling salesman who is also an evangelist in the current Middle West and has endless comic adventures" which (comparing a good book with a great) to me is as if a critic were to say that in "Don Quixote" Cervantes had for hero a knight who went bughouse, got a concern about helping dames and wandered about Spain with a bum man-servant falling into trouble he made for himself.

I suppose that I have an unashamed and unrepentant fondness for the great cheerful authors of America because, in too many of the tough, the hard-boiled and the rough-neck there is for me a surplus of reaction over thought. They are self-tortured sentimentalists. The artist is above all a man of action, a man who goes out and wrestles with his subject and his material and overcomes them. A great genius like Henrik Ibsen can make any subject and any character tolerable because he is not mastered by his creatures, not immersed in the world of terror and pity which he evokes. Lesser men, however great in their way, Strindberg or Eugene O'Neill too often seem overcome by the vision which they have summoned: in their lesser works they are Frankensteins, and so their lesser works are the more popular in an age in which Frankenstein-Everyman gazes in horrified pride, or in pride too stupid to feel horror, at the destructive world of mechanized power which he has created. The great plays of Strindberg and O'Neill—"The Road to Damascus" and "World Without End"—do not come under this condemnation; but I fear that these are often unknown to people who rejoice in "The Father," in "Miss Julie," in "Desire Under the Elms."

No great tragedy ever has or can be written, if the characters are puppets: the note of Greek tragedy is the defiance of fate, even in the face of ultimate defeat, by people too noble for a determinist philosophy. At the prompters' corner of most American tragedies there stand the smiling, sinister figures of Jonathan Edwards and

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GOLDEN GUILT *Francis Gerard* (Dutton: $2.)	Kidnapping and murder of British peer's son solved by daring John Meredith, whose own youngster is "snatched."	Fantastic beginning matched by subsequent melodramatic incidents. Not too credible but sufficiently exciting.	Thriller
UNEXPECTED NIGHT *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Rich young invalid dies suspiciously at Maine resort as he attains majority. Mr. Gamadge untangles very odd affair.	Spooky from start, with extra shivery climax at theatrical performance where death plays leading role.	Worthwhile
NO OUTLET *Arthur M. Chase* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Much married ex-diva socked and slung into pool on Carolina estate. Miss Townsend and detective Green solve it.	Country house full of interesting red herrings—including servants—scene of much action, and a slightly foregone conclusion.	Good
FIVE FOR BRIDGE *Ernest Ward* (Crowell: $2.)	Corpse in N. Y. apt. closet interrupts bridge game and leads detective Wyckoff merry dance.	Entertaining spectacle of average New Yorkers mixing themselves in affairs they had better stayed out of.	Lively
THE BROKEN FACE MURDERS *D. & H. Teilhet* (Crime Club: $2.)	California honeymoon of Baron Von Kaz rudely broken up by murders and deep laid plot which Baron ultimately unravels.	Ramifications of case a bit confusing but it all turns out right and the good Baron Von Kaz comes off better than ever.	*Dreimal hoch!*

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Cotton Mather, preachers of a determinism more terrible than the Greek doctrine of Necessity, because by it a God of Love was proclaimed as the Author of Evil.

Only three contemporary American writers of tragedy are altogether free, to my mind, from a subservience to the false psychology which has displaced in human nature reflection by reflexes, action by reaction, which is concerned conditioned automata jerking in an exhausted atmosphere instead of free spirits agonizing, struggling, conquered or victorious. One, Julian Green, writes in French and is outside the scope of this essay; the other two are Susan Glaspell and Robinson Jeffers. Their philosophies are widely different. Miss Glaspell, even in "The Verge," sees something unconquerable in the spirit of man, however caught and tangled in circumstances of unease, dismay and disaster. Mr. Jeffers, with his close affiliation to the Greek, makes even hope a victim, desire a torment, and aspiration vain: his people may be doomed, but they are no more conditioned than the Sophoclean Antigone or the Euripidean Phaedra and Medea. His wild figures, heroic in proportion, may be crushed and beaten, but they know, in the darkness of defeat, the high challenge which was claimed by Pascal to be the distinctive privilege of man in adversity. "If I be crushed by the fall of a mountain, and destroyed I am still greater than that which destroys me, for I know I am destroyed."

And that glorious brag of Pascal's is equally true even if the powers which crush the human spirit are the spectral fantasies of the physical scientist or the psychologist. No one has ever yet encountered a self-conscious garrulous gland; no one is troubled by distinct messages from the hormone, and it needs that mystery called "I" to identify and analyze the Super-Ego and the Id. In brief the soul of man, even in its moods of desperation and disillusion, is still needed to discern even the ultimate disintegration; it alone is still the subject of tragedy as it struggles and learns in ardent love of true religion, in craven fear of a false faith. Unless we believe in the truth of our intellectual processes we cannot even deny.

The other night I saw Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo," and I was glad to notice that, in spite of the respectful if rather formal obeisance to modern categories of thought, the dramatist in the end proclaims that a man who has no sanctions is no man, even if he has not yet taken the further necessary step of declaring that, unless a man have some sanction, he cannot even proclaim that sanctions do not exist.

History Out of a Catalogue

(*Continued from page* 13)

it is great in the things he has written—to the work of raising funds to carry on the revolution in Russia. By these disclosures he is disabled. It is unfortunate. . . . He is in a measure shorn of his strength. Such things as have been published relate to a condition that might be forgivable in Russia, but which offends against the customs in this country. I would not say that his usefulness has been destroyed but his efficiency as a persuader is certainly destroyed. Every country has its laws of conduct and its customs, and those who visit a country other than their own must expect to conform to the customs of that country."

Here we see Mark Twain applying the criterion of personal "purity" to the person of a revolutionist and writer. He did not even take the trouble to ascertain whether or not the hypocritical charges against Gorky were true. It was enough for America's most distinguished man of letters that the charges had been made.

All over the United States, in newspapers and literary publications and in private conversations, the Gorky scandal was heatedly discussed with what H. G. Wells called "imbecile lying." Finally—God shall we say?—ended the scandal. Shortly after it began came the San Francisco earthquake. The newspapers, the moralists, the good women, and the outraged writers such as Mark Twain turned to doing charity.

In a series of "self-teaching" books, the catalogue preached the doctrine that a man could become the master of many languages and the expert practitioner of many trades through a few easy lessons at home. Thus, one could easily make the smooth transition from the language of hog calling to the language of Molière; from drilling with a broom to a commission in the army; from daubing fences with a brush to carriage painting.

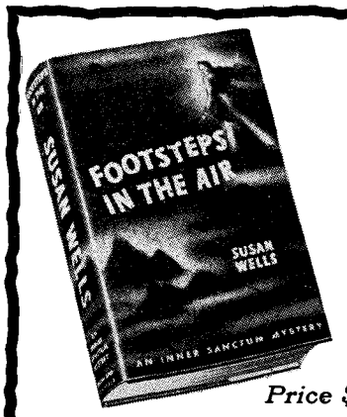
This, of course, is an old American story. The pathetic fallacy that men can grow rich and cultured by reading this or that book was an ancient hoax long before the catalogue of 1905 appeared. So-called "how" books are still best sellers whether they are "How to Win Friends and Influence People" or "How to Dance Like Fred Astaire in Six Easy Lessons." The only difference between our period and the period of 1905 is that the present sales talks are couched in other terms and the cultures and professions are those that appeal to the modern taste, but essentially the argument and the fallacy remain.

Sears' serious readers in 1905 bought good books which have long since disappeared from the catalogue, just as the kind of men who read them have in general disappeared from American rural and small-town life. They bought such books as Grote's "History of Greece":

"New edition. Mr. Grote has illustrated and invested with an entirely new significance a portion of the past history of humanity. He has made great Greeks live again before us and has enabled us to realize Greek modes of thinking. Four volumes, $2.89."

Also listed were Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," five volumes, price $1.85; Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," 65 cents; Macaulay's "Works," five volumes, price per set, 65 cents; Green's "History of the English People," four volumes, 98 cents, and volumes of Ruskin, Kipling, Stevenson, Shakespeare, Lyall, Dickens at exceedingly low prices.

The works of General Lew Wallace were incredibly popular—especially "Ben-Hur." Their success made him rich, and Minister to Turkey. One wonders whether the Department of State had ever read the General's writing. For it was the strange fate of this chronicler of the suffering of Christians of the first centuries of the Christian era to be sent as Minister to Turkey—the Moslem power which, nineteen centuries after the birth of Christianity, ruled over its holiest places in Palestine.



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Capitalism: Did It Work? Will It Work?

ECONOMICS FOR THE MILLIONS. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New York: Modern Age Books. 1940. 262 *pp.* $2.50.

CAPITALISM THE CREATOR. By Carl Snyder. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 473 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

PROFESSOR FAIRCHILD has performed the remarkable feat of writing an elementary treatise on economics which is skillfully selective, interesting, and respectable theoretically. Many writers, since Mrs. Fawcett penned her "Tales in Political Economy" for boys and girls in 1874, have tried to popularize the dismal science, with results suggesting the gambols of a serious-minded elephant. The Fairchild book scores its success through lucid writing, artfully divided into some ninety short sections, each with a big heading. The drawings by DeLos Blackmar are in just the right style.

The author supplies no foreword to explain why he wrote the book, and it is only toward the middle, where the argument thickens and one jots question marks on the margin, that the "thesis" begins to emerge. Professor Fairchild proposes socialism, or something closely akin to it, as a way out of our economic difficulties. Whether he makes out a convincing case is for the reader to decide. The chapter on the "Fallacy of Profits" is crucial in the argument, and if the critic cannot demolish that, he will have to go along with the main contention of the book, or admit that there is no solution.

Professor Fairchild makes a telling attack upon the notion of an unlimited market based upon unlimited human wants. This is one of the silliest economic doctrines and is demonstrably false on several grounds. When, however, he seems to trace most of our troubles to the satiety of the wealthy classes, who invest too much and consume too little, there is room for serious question. Wealthy men have, presumably, been satiated from the dawn of history.

"The really vulnerable point in capitalism is that it will not work," says Mr. Fairchild. "There is one way, and only one way, that any people, in all history, have ever risen from barbarism and poverty to affluence and culture; and that is by that concentrated and highly organized system of production and exchange which we call capitalistic," says Carl Snyder. So there you are. Mr. Snyder won his spurs as a statistician, and in "Capitalism the Creator" he is apparently trying to deduce from the statistical experience of the past a few adjustments needed to make capitalism work in the future.

This is excellent scientific method, provided one can demonstrate that all the elements which have shaped the past are present or accounted for in the statistics. Mr. Snyder pays little attention to this important proviso. His main constructive conclusion is that economic collapses are due to monetary mismanagement and that these could be avoided with a proper monetary system.

The book is difficult to appraise because it is loosely organized and written with so much feeling that one is doubtful at times whether Mr. Snyder is speaking as an economist or a soapbox orator. He omits verbs from his sentences and qualifications from his judgments. Labor, he thinks, has contributed "almost nothing" to progress. The submerged tenth of our population consists of "the incapable, the inefficient, the morons, the derelicts." To inventors, enterprisers, organizers, we "owe all." "It was capitalism, and this alone, which abolished slavery."

There is no reason why economics should not be discussed with heat and bitterness, but the lasting influence of a Ruskin and a Henry George was based upon the laborious analysis underlying the indignant words.

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Man-Made Country

THE DUTCH: A Portrait of the People of Holland. By A. J. Barnouw. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 297 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HENDRIK VAN LOON

A CURIOUS sensation! I have been asked to say something about Professor Barnouw's latest book. It is supposed to be a portrait study of the people of Holland. But when this review appears, there may no longer be any people of Holland. And so I don't know but that I may be really writing an epitaph—a farewell to my own people—a farewell to the country of my birth—a farewell to all the familiar little villages nestling along the shores of the slow-moving rivers, to the ancient towers that arise from the flat meadows, a last farewell to something that has played its role in making our world what it is—or rather, what it was until the arrival upon the scene of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin.

If that be the case (and it is beginning to look that way more and more as the spring comes nearer), then the future historian (if any sort of subjective history survives the present holocaust) will find in this small book a careful, intelligent summing-up of the case of Holland vs. the final judgment of posterity. And by and large, I think that we can anticipate a verdict of which none of us will have cause to feel ashamed.

For this small bit of marshland, conquered from the ocean, has done its share towards making the world a more reasonable and tolerant and human place in which to live. Its people have had the virtues and the defects of all those whose existence was a ceaseless struggle against the merciless forces of nature. In the heat of partisan politics, they have committed lamentable crimes against some of their noblest citizens, but by way of compensation, they turned their country into a harbor of refuge for all those who in other parts of the world suffered for the sake of their opinions and ideals.

Circumstances forced them to look towards the sea for a living. They became traders and merchants, and frequently were guilty of looking no further than the nearest and easiest profit upon their investments in cash and perseverance. But the colonial empire they founded stands forth today as an example of what can be accomplished when intelligence and common sense are conscientiously applied to the problems of foreign administration.

They did not lead gay lives. They were of a solemn and plodding nature. But one does not dance merrily in the market-place when it rains five days out of every week. And by and large, their shortcomings reacted most surely upon their own happiness. But what they accomplished within the field of science, the arts, and the decencies of life was offered to all the world as a gratuitous contribution towards the progress of mankind.

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Abe Lincoln in Illinois

BY THOMAS BURTON

"THERE are," The Young Novelist speculated reluctantly, "four themes that are popular today in literature."

"Five," said The Young Novelist's Wife, reaching for the salted nuts. "Life, death, art, money, and Lincoln."

I recalled this saturnine remark as I sat through the motion picture from Robert Sherwood's popular play. As Raymond Massey walked across the scenes, creeping deeper and deeper into the strange, shy, homely, sad, story-telling man who was and is Abe Lincoln, I could understand Lincoln's popularity today.

In his own day he was a monster, a lanky fool, a teller of dirty stories, a cunning lawyer, naive, a clod-hopper, the man who said so many things that seemed to stick in the memory. To us he has become a giant—a history book saint. Almost enough to make disrespectable skeptics of most. Modern research has added the man who lapsed into morbid melancholia, who seemed mad at times, who believed in infidelity, whose ambitious, jealous wife chased him through streets throwing frozen potatoes at his head.

"Abe Lincoln in Illinois" brings you this man, brings him to you through a fine motion picture, through the grand simple truth and honesty of actor Raymond Massey, and through Abe Lincoln's own speeches. Lincoln is his own best script writer; he has intelligence and zeal, inspires confidence.

Robert Sherwood is a competent, but not great, playwright. He has been able to keep a finger on the pulse of public and popular demand. In "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" he was lucky to have Abe Lincoln as his collaborator. The most stirring scenes grow out of Lincoln's own speeches, their poignant sympathetic joys and hopes, which you can read in a remarkable book called "The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Philip Van Doren Stern.

The motion picture is without a great story structure; it develops no dramatic climax, but is rather a series of events moving sometimes swiftly, sometimes too slowly. It tells the rise of this tall, simple man from his twenty-second year until he stands on a railroad carriage platform and makes his last speech before leaving for Washington, the White House, the War of the States, Booth's bullet, and history.

Lincoln and Raymond Massey knit all this loose material together. Slowly, cautiously, we watch the character take shape that is to be Lincoln of the War Years. The picture never putters indecisively.

We meet Abe floating a flatboat full of hogs to New Orleans, we see him wrecked at New Salem, and we see

RKO Radio Pictures

"Massey grows into his part, becomes the wandering, morbid, half-mad Lincoln . . . "

him meet Ann Rutledge in the proper Hollywood manner while chasing a pig (and it may have so happened at that), we see him wrestle Jack Armstrong and *then,* with the death of Ann Rutledge, Massey suddenly grows into his part, becomes the wandering, morbid, half-mad Lincoln brooding over her grave, never degenerating to viciousness. He is Lincoln from then on. Before that he was only an actor giving a fine performance.

The camera moves a little too fast. Before the mood can be set, or before we catch up with an amalgamation of events, we see Lincoln sitting for the photographer with his wife and his three sons—a rising middle-aged lawyer plagued by a nagging, bitter shrew of a wife (played with a sense of character and mood by Ruth Gordon).

Lincoln himself takes over, and speech after speech is delivered with the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates climaxing among flares and shouts, one speech running six minutes on the screen. I could very easily have heard ten minutes more of it.

Sherwood's script breaks down at this point and whatever plot or movement he intended is lost in a series of events that follow each other without much pattern. But the slow fascination of Lincoln keeps growing.

John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry is acted out with director John Cromwell playing "Ossawatomie" Brown with more hair than art. It is vaguely perturbing but could have been skipped.

The picture does not matter. It is the character of Lincoln that becomes very clear and earnest. He no longer remains an enigma. He stands there on the rear platform of the train and says to his friends and neighbors. . . .

"I leave now, not knowing when or whether ever I may return. . . ."

It is rare to find a man walking, talking and living so clearly and understandingly as Abe Lincoln lives in this picture.

It is a glorious achievement. There is none of the false glitter, the stylish tailoring, the postal card color and the distorted individualism that makes "Gone With the Wind" such a false picture of almost the same period.

Next week in this space I shall list a group of books that would make good motion picture material. I shall run such a list from time to time. If you have any favorite let me know.

Your Literary I. Q.

QUIZ No. 8

By HOWARD COLLINS

10 FAMOUS SCHOOL TEACHERS

Even though you never took a lesson from them, you should remember very well the ten padagogues briefly described below. Allow 5 points for each one whose name you can recall, and 5 points if you can name the story in which he appeared and his creator. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 22.

1. Master of Salem House, he always spoke in a fierce whisper and was fond of caning the chubbier boys.

2. He teaches a night-school class in beginning English for the foreign-born citizens of New York City.

3. His rival in love frightened him out of the country by playing upon his superstitions.

4. Though he suffered the misfortunes of war, was hanged for heresy, and became a galley slave, he lived through his troubles and remained an incurable optimist.

5. For three generations he taught Latin at the Brookfield School for boys.

6. Proprietor of Dotheboy's Hall, he combined lessons in spelling with practical applied philosophy.

7. He quit teaching French when the German army occupied Alsace-Lorraine.

8. On Examination Evening, with the help of a cat and the sign painter's apprentice, his pupils revenged themselves on this stern schoolmaster.

9. This elderly Latin teacher, whom the Lawrenceville boys referred to by his nickname only, was strong on gerunds and gerundives.

10. Because Dr. Samuel Johnson had once visited her academy for young ladies, the proprietor presented every graduate with a copy of his "Dictionary."

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The New Books

Drama

THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1939. Edited by Margaret Mayorga. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 389 *pp.* $2.50.

One-act plays are those brief dramas which are always to be, but never are, produced. They are, however, frequently published; the present is the third in a series of "best" volumes edited by Miss Mayorga and uniform in format with the rather more important "Best Play" series edited by Burns Mantle. Miss Mayorga's material is, on the whole, not so rewarding as Mr. Mantle's and, since there is little check either by counter-opinion or audience reaction, her selection is more subject to whim. In the present volume her taste ranges widely, and so does the quality of the short plays.

She starts off well with Archibald MacLeish's "Air Raid," and an admirable and extremely playable comedy by Lynn Riggs called "A World Elsewhere." After that, the catholicity of her choice baffles summary. There is a crisp little vaudeville skit called "That's Hollywood," by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements; a folk whimsy by E. P. Conkle, who has done much better; a tiny item by William Saroyan, who has seldom done worse; a solid slice of Channing Pollock, and a very effective short verse play by William Rose Benét. A laboriously nonsensical farce by John Kirkpatrick rubs shoulders with a vivid, grim little scene by Seyril Schochen.

R. L.

Fiction

THERE ARE BROTHERS. By Fanny Heaslip Lea. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 306 *pp.* $2.

As everyone has to have a sense of humor, so everyone has to understand New England. Fanny Heaslip Lea's New England, like that of Eugene O'Neill, is an intense, narrow, passionate, bigoted family group. Each member has a secret which motivates his entire life. Unfortunately, in Miss Lea's book, every other member of the family knows what it is, and twits him with it daily, reducing all these potential tragedies to the level of adolescent bickering.

A fresh interest comes into the Blount family life with the arrival of a brand new secret. Mart, the most nearly normal of the Blounts, has married Sally, who has a child by a previous marriage. No Blount can rest until he has found out all about her. One could expect the revelation that the child's father is a sadist to be the climax of the book. But no: what Sally most wants to conceal is the fact that she had a still earlier husband. Her reason for this concealment is not that she should be thought to be over-married, but that her first husband, who was a famous British novelist, should seem to outshine Mart. Sally's agonized fear that the sinister second husband may take the child from her might be expected to dominate the book; actually, it is eclipsed by Sally's worry over what the family will say. May, the plump, vindictive wife of the elder brother, is the central figure, Sally was meant to be. But she is so petty and dull that Sally's obsession with her and small triumphs over her destroy Sally's own interest for the reader.

K. S.

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International

SCANDINAVIA. The Background for Neutrality. By Alma Luise Olson. Lippincott. 1940. 358 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

More than eight hundred years ago three Scandinavian kings met alone on an island and decided that their countries should live in peace and good will. They did not sign a treaty or make a pact, but sealed their friendship by shaking hands.

All through the centuries there has been a bond of friendship among the Scandinavian countries, despite historical upheavals and changes. Out of its cultural kinship the New North developed its love for peace, or, politically speaking, its neutrality, the nature of which is analyzed exhaustively in Miss Olson's book. The histories of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, and Finland are viewed and examined separately in five rich chapters. Their social and political problems are discussed and traced back to ancient sources; their achievements in science and industry are evaluated. Legendary figures of the Viking period as well as modern heroes like Ibsen, Kierkegaard, or Strindberg are brought to life and shown as part of Scandinavia's cultural affinity.

Miss Olson knows the North thoroughly. She has traveled through the whole of Scandinavia, and some of her short, descriptive passages are of great beauty. Throughout the book one feels the author's strong attachment to Scandinavia, whose people, history, and literature she has studied with a keen interest. Her objectivity in relating and examining facts is worthy of mention.

M. H.

Miscellaneous

HARVEST AT STILLMEADOW. By Gladys Taber. Little, Brown. 1940. 256 *pp., with index.* $1.75.

Mrs. Taber's brisk, staccato, urban book appears a few months after Muriel Follett's "New England Year." Mrs. Taber lives in Connecticut, raises cocker spaniels, sends her daughter to a summer camp, and writes, for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "A Diary of Domesticity," which has been telescoped into this entertaining year-round chronicle. Mrs. Follett helps run a Vermont farm, has fewer literary allusions at the tip of her tongue, and her boy and girl are members of the local 4-H clubs. Nevertheless, Mrs. Follett should meet Mrs. Taber. They have a number of interests in common, and can exchange recipes.

In case the reader experiences some natural difficulty in distinguishing the cockers from the casseroles, the book has a brief but useful index. G, for instance, stands for Garden, Gardenias, Garlic, Goulash, Greens, and Guests (Planning ahead for). There is trouble ahead for Mrs. Taber, if her book has the sale it deserves, and a fresh Gaggle of uninvited Guests descends on her to sample the Goulash. Author and illustrator have combined to make Stillmeadow seem a distinctly alluring place.

E. F. W.

SOUTHWARD HO! By William La Varre. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 301 *pp.* $3.

This is undoubtedly one of the thinnest contributions to synthetic adventure that it has been this reviewer's misfortune to encounter to date. Mr. La Varre writes with the same lack of imagination that he apparently uses in mapping out his travel itineraries; his preoccupation with the obvious is equalled only by his blindness to the actual lives of the people he encounters. In this particular volume he deals with various sections in and about Central America, contributing nothing to the literature, romantic or factual, already existent about these places. Worse, the book is inaccurate. Mr. La Varre devotes an entire chapter to the banana plantations of Guatemala where he visited for ten days. It must have been a confusing ten days, for Mr. La Varre refers in his book to the "mountain plantations." There are no mountain plantations devoted to bananas in Guatemala, unless Mr. La Varre considers a few hundred feet above sea level mountainous country.

Adventure, they say, is where you find it. It is highly doubtful, however, that anyone will find it in "Southward Ho!"

J. H. S.

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GHOSTS OF LONDON. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 197 *pp.* $3.

It has been said that there can be found in London people who wear, as the ordinary uniform of their calling, the clothes of every reign since that of Henry VIII, who is himself represented by beefeaters and bishops. The statement seems extravagant, and we have never seen it documented, but such survivals are the "ghosts" of Mr. Morton's title, and he has found some that go back far earlier than Henry VIII. Think of children collecting pennies for a grotto, on Saint James's Day, since the days of the pilgrimages to Saint James of Compostella, or of a rental of horse-shoe nails that goes back to the time of the Templars, and is paid for a parcel of land whose location has been forgotten! Mr. Morton, who is known for his travel books, has traveled about London, looking for ancient customs, and talking with lamplighters and curfew-ringers (not to be confused with the College Youths who keep up the art of change-ringing), with pursuivants and Huguenot weavers and hansom cabbies and publicans who deal in eye-lotion because the public-house once had a famous well, and has made his findings into a pleasant book. Sometimes one wishes for more information; there were many readers who found Miss Dorothy Sayers's "The Nine Tailors" tantalizing in giving so much and no more of the technique of change-ringing, yet there is more of it in the parentheses of that novel than in the two chapters Mr. Morton gives to the subject. And it is a pity that in telling of the ceremony of the King's Keys in the Tower of London, he does not mention the one night in history when the sovereign's name was not used in the reply to the challenge—the night of Queen Victoria's death, when no one knew if they were "King Edward's Keys" or, as his mother had wished, "King Albert Edward's Keys." But he has found many excellent old customs, such as beating the bounds to impress them on parish boys, and scourging with nettles all those who on the twenty-ninth of May do not wear a spray of Royal Oak in honor of the Restoration of King Charles II, customs which ought to be more widely kept up. The only thing one would quarrel with is the title. Surely these are very hale ghosts, and long after Hitler is a wraith hunting Berchtesgaden, the Spirit of London will go on walking in flesh and blood.

B. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 310)

G. K. CHESTERTON:
BY A REACTIONARY

"None of us want reaction" (Tory cheers!)
So doubtful doctors punch and prod and prick
A man thought dead; and when there's not a kick
Left in the corpse, no twitch or faint contraction,
The doctors say: "See . . . there is no reaction."

Miscellaneous

FORTY-EIGHT MILLION HORSES. By Humphry B. Neill. Lippincott. 1940. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a capsular, swift-running account of the forty-eight million horsepower of energy now absorbed by these United States. It has the excited tempo of the newsman's rendering of technical progress and is meant to arouse and excite the general reader to the blessings he can and does enjoy. Its scope is as wide as the uses of electricity, from giant power-house dynamos to midget radio tubes, from farm to hospital. As based mainly on information from the General Electric Co., the account is in some places invidious; a chapter on Tele-magic without mention of the telephone; the scantiest mention of the Westinghouse Co. and its products. As styled for those who run and read, it is mainly superficial, a survey of unemployment and stabilization of employment as dependent on the trade cycle's being accomplished without a single reference to the banking system. But it is handsomely produced with ample illustrations and admirably paced for its purpose.

J. R.

Music

ELIZABETHAN MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM. By Morrison Comegys Boyd. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1940. 363 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

The vital and truly significant problems posed by the Elizabethan period in music are, unfortunately, scarcely implied, and their solutions certainly brought very little nearer, by this volume of Professor Boyd's. It professes, it is true, to be little more than a compilation of writings dealing with various aspects of Elizabethan musical culture presented by contemporaries, but the consideration of any specifically musical problems without a critical basis founded upon the music itself is, at best, a dubious undertaking. Particularly is this true of any investigation of the Elizabethan period, which is characterized by a musical culture founded on the most direct contact with the music itself. Professor Boyd's chapter on the Madrigals, for instance, is little more than a register of composers, with occasionally one of his personal criticisms, always superficial, often irrelevant, and deriving from no ascertainable critical basis. The chapter on Musical Theorists presents digests of the works of these men, without for a moment posing the critical problem of the discrepancy between theory and practice. Certainly Morley's well known treatise, taking but one example, bears very little relation to the musical practice of his time.

The ultimate value of this volume probably resides in its convenience as a reference book, and in its collection of writings on music gathered from sources not specifically musical in nature. This latter virtue may indeed make it quite valuable in the hands of an investigator who is willing to employ these sources as a means to a more vital end.

M. B. B.

A SMATTERING OF IGNORANCE. By Oscar Levant. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 267 *pp.* $2.

The first chapter of this collection of essays is as good a popular description of the methods, personalities, and careers of the leading orchestral maestri as you are likely to come across. It is highly recommended to concert-goers who would like to know why Koussevitzky, Stokowski, and Toscanini often get such different results from the same scores, as well as to those who like good musical anecdotes. The rest of the book consists mainly of autobiographical fragments—even the long chapters on Harpo Marx and George Gershwin are largely autobiographical—and whether or not you like them is a matter of personal taste. What with the popularity of Mr. Levant as the musical "expert" of "Information, Please," it should not be difficult for most readers to know in advance whether "A Smattering of Ignorance" is likely to be their piece of meat.

S. G.

Psychology

WE CALL IT HUMAN NATURE. By Paul Grabbe, worked out in cooperation with Gardner Murphy. Harpers. 1940. 120 *pp.* $2.

This book is described on the jacket as "a pictorial approach to psychology and what it means to you." Mr. Grabbe supplies about half of the contents of the book: a series of photographs, cartoons, and diagrams, while Professor Murphy of Columbia supplies the other half: an interlarded, concise epitome of elementary psychology. The text is clear, discriminating, and precise, and considering the limitations

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it sets itself, very good. The main limitation is its drastic brevity, a brevity which limits its contents to definitions and the barest explanatory exemplifications and arguments. Presumably the pictures are intended to make up for this and to provide a compensatory fulness.

The comparison which comes to mind most readily is the Russian example of a simple illustrated primer, such as M. Ilin's book on timepieces. But Mr. Grabbe's pictures are different. The photographs are arresting, many of them esthetically exciting, with the emotional appeal that is implicit in fine studies of children, landscapes, and clouds, and "action." The cartoons are well drawn and often amusing. The diagrams do not come off so well. They are not always easy to understand immediately, and the symbols employed are sometimes clumsy. Indeed the diagrams definitely fall below many that are current in standard textbooks. The general impression made by the pictures, more particularly the photographs, is that they do not serve to supplement the text, but rather to provide an accessory pleasure and as in advertising copy, an essentially irrelevant stimulation. Indeed, little of the intellectual content or clarity of the book would be sacrificed if the photographs and cartoons were omitted. As in advertisements, they provide a "kick."

Whether Pierian spring water should be spiked with gin is a matter of individual tolerance and taste. To this reviewer the visual esthetic excitement is distracting. The popular presentations of science in Benn's Sixpenny Library Series, and in the "Culture Moderne" series of the Librairie Stock cover the same field and are not devoid of esthetic appeal, but their appeal is the "functional" one that comes from the essential interest of the subject matter and a good expository style.

B. D. L.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ NO. 8

1. Mr. Creakle, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens.

2. Mr. Parkhill, in "The Education of Hyman Kaplan," by Leonard Q. Ross.

3. Ichabod Crane, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving.

4. Dr. Pangloss, in "Candide," by Voltaire.

5. Mr. Chipping, in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton.

6. Mr. Squeers, in "Nicholas Nickleby," by Dickens.

7. M. Hamel, in "The Last Lesson," by Alphonse Daudet.

8. Mr. Dobbin, in "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.

9. The Old Roman, in "The Varmint," and other books by Owen Johnson.

10. Barbara Pinkerton, in "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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WOMAN (thirtyish) fond of open spaces, fireside, stimulating talk—would like to hear from man not superficially clever. Box 681-D.

WANTED: Secretarial niche in vital creative job where life is simple, unaffected. Satiated with Hollywood unreality and dull office. Twenty-seven, English major, possess ability, sense of humor, courage, loyalty. Girl Friday.

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PERSONALS

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BOOK MANUSCRIPT for sale or collaboration. Unique novel. Particulars given Box 684-D.

MALE, 27, needs employment. Experience five fields, request details. Box 685-D.

LOST — ONE HAM! Will the subscriber who recently offered to barter a 20-lb. Virginia ham for a subscription to The Saturday Review please communicate with us. Her letter unhappily has been lost—and the mouths of the staff are watering. The Saturday Review, Circulation Department, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

DO YOU WANT a pre-revolutionary Connecticut house, well furnished, its old-time charm intact, plus all modern comforts? You can have mine for 8 to 12 months for a moderate amount. Box 686-D.

IS THERE A CHARMING, roomy, comfortable New England house which can be converted into a summer inn? Bathing, quiet location, accessibility essential. Experienced hotel manager. Box 687-D.

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GET IN TUNE WITH THE SOUNDING SEA AT CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL. When you feel out of sorts, come to the shore and get out of doors by the rolling surf. Let sand and sunshine and clean blue horizons exhilarate your spirits. Then let life at these genial hotels boost them a few notches higher. You'll never sleep sounder. You'll never eat more heartily than from a Chalfonte-Haddon Hall menu. And you'll not find friendlier, more considerate treatment than here where hospitality has been made an art. Restricted clientele. Write for color folder. Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, on the Boardwalk.

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Double-Crostics: No. 311

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-F	2-E	3-U	4-H		5-T	6-I	7-B	8-X	9-C	10-V	11-Q	12-Y	13-N	14-G		15-S
16-G	17-H		18-Z	19-P	20-W	21-M	22-T	23-V	24-D	25-G	26-L	27-R		28-A	29-I	30-S
31-U		32-Q	33-W	34-X	35-V	36-M		37-G	38-F		39-R	40-Q	41-Z	42-G	43-U	
44-C	45-D	46-Y		47-T	48-E	49-Y	50-Z		51-O	52-N	53-A	54-B	55-H		56-R	57-S
58-I		59-N	60-M	61-Y	62-T	63-O	64-B	65-L	66-E	67-F	68-D		69-A	70-S	71-F	72-D
	73-L	74-I	75-C	76-M	77-E		78-C	79-I	80-B		81-L	82-K	83-Z	84-D	85-J	
86-Z	87-T	88-E	89-N		90-F	91-N	92-M	93-U		94-I	95-U		96-M	97-P	98-B	99-I
100-E		101-U		102-L	103-Q	104-F	105-J	106-M	107-A		108-I		109-P	110-F	111-G	112-H
	113-K		114-Y	115-L	116-F	117-K	118-O	119-S	120-H		121-J	122-R		123-W	124-M	125-S
126-C		127-W	128-E	129-A	130-Y	131-P	132-U	133-D	134-F		135-P	136-A	137-V	138-K	139-D	140-X
	141-D		142-R	143-Q	144-Y	145-N	146-B		147-X	148-C	149-I		150-A	151-N	152-E	153-K
154-M		155-Y	156-U		157-X	158-Y	159-J	160-K	161-S		162-B	163-X	164-F	165-G	166-K	
167-R	168-I		169-J	170-W	171-O	172-P	173-T	174-L	175-Z	176-B	177-V	178-G	179-X	188-S		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Perverse.

B. Game birds.

C. Favorite wife of Mahommed.

D. Cloudy, obscure.

E. Chivalrous.

F. Pentateuch (3 wds.)

G. Facing toward axis of growth.

H. Donkey.

I. Origin; source.

J. Standard Greek.

K. Inventor of pastoral poetry.

L. Indubitable.

M. U. S. east coast island.

N. Canadian poet (born in England 1874).

O. Russian first name.

P. Not at all.

Q. Earthy and impure iron ore.

R. Repeated dull thud (comp.)

S. Resounding music (Bib.)

T. Avoided by artifice.

U. Netlike.

V. English hymnologist (1674-1748).

W. Efflux.

X. Reverberating.

Y. Collection of 14th century tales.

Z. Piquant.

WORDS

28 150 129 69 136 53 107

98 7 80 162 146 176 64 54

44 9 75 126 148 78

45 133 24 141 72 139 84 68

77 88 48 152 2 66 128 100

71 164 1 38 90 104 110 134 67 116

178 16 37 165 25 111 42 14

4 120 17 112 55

74 29 94 6 58 168 108 79 99 149

105 121 85 159 169

166 113 82 153 160 138 117

65 73 81 26 174 115 102

96 60 21 124 92 154 36 76 106

89 52 13 145 151 59 91

63 51 118 171

135 19 109 131 172 97

40 32 11 103 143

27 122 39 56 167 142

57 70 119 161 15 125 30 180

5 47 87 22 173 62

95 3 43 101 156 132 93 31

10 23 177 137 35

170 20 123 127 33

8 163 157 179 34 140 147

46 12 49 144 114 158 130 155 61

86 41 175 83 18 50

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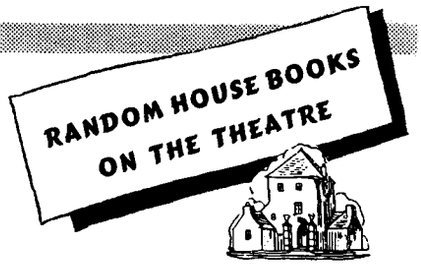

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

A RELUCTANT young poet was being harried by a masterful publisher who wanted to bring out a book of his poems. ☞The poet told Old Q. how to proceed when embarrassed in any such way. ☞You excuse yourself on some pretext—for instance that you want to have one more look at the sonnets and see if they're good enough to print—and go to the telephone. ☞Quietly you dial 711; wait for dial-tone; then dial 6, and hang up. At once the phone begins to ring furiously. ☞You then improvise, in answer to this supposed call, a conversation that will discourage the desiderating publisher. ☞This is the defence, our friend told us, recommended to young women who are propositioned by the druggists from Buenos Aires or whatever; but there's no reason why it shouldn't work for poets too.

☞One of our pleasantest discoveries lately was a little box of 60 colored cards of *Illustrated Chinese Maxims*—not the phonies of pseudo-Confucius but the *Family Rules of Conduct* of Chu Pelu. The prints are pleasantly reproduced and each maxim is expounded on the reverse of the card. ☞Whether these are the same as the Family Maxims of Chu Yung-Shun (v. Giles, *History of Chinese Literature,* p. 392) we know not, but for 35 cents we thought them an agreeable oddity. The publisher is Joseph Tuck, 56 E. 34.

☞Bobbs Merrill have just printed a booklet (by Ruth Moore) on *The Work of Alice Tisdale Hobart.* The publication this month of Mrs. Hobart's new novel, *Their Own Country,* completes her four-novel cycle of China and America. The earlier stories were *River Supreme, Oil for the Lamps of China.* and *Yang and Yin.* ☞Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sarah N. Cleghorn have written and given to the schools of the United States a play called *Liberty and Union* which cleverly and simply dramatizes scenes from the Constitutional Convention of 1787. A historian from Bennington who saw the piece done in a country school in Vermont said he "never expected to see Americans sit on the edge of their chairs for fear the Constitution wouldn't get put through." ☞The Book of the Month Club has donated a large edition in pamphlet form as a contribution to the Children's Crusade for Children; copies may be had at 5 cents each from the Children's Crusade office in the Empire State Building, N. Y. City. ☞Dutton offers the *Mary Webb Anthology,* a volume of selections from the late Mrs. Webb's prose and verse chosen by her husband H. B. L. Webb. ☞Jesse Stuart of Kentucky, farmer-schoolteacher and poet *(The Man with the Bull-Tongue Plow)* has written his first novel, *Trees of Heaven.* ☞This is a season for trees in fiction: we have been pleased by the fine reception given Richter's *The Trees.* ☞Certainly an unusual buy is catalogued by Charles P. Everitt (107 East 59 St.) with the cajoling note "What Book Cost in 1914, $200; in $1937, $5; in 1940, $1.75?"

☞At that low figure Mr. Everitt offers 17 remaining copies of General Isaac Wister's famous autobiography, written originally only for his own family. It describes pioneer days, from '49 on, as he actually saw them; when first printed privately in 1914 well-bred readers were begged not to say too much about it. ☞The Syracuse, N. Y. Public Library has issued its 21st annual Gold Star List of American Fiction, which now classifies and annotates 600 titles published 1823-1939. We are a little startled though not to find *Grapes of Wrath* included. Trustee trouble? ☞One controversy no prudent author runs into without woe is how to make a Mint Julep. We know a novelist who allowed one of his characters to drink a julep made of brandy (instead of bourbon or rye). His book has practically been boycotted in Kentucky. ☞There is still good authority, dating back a century or more, for cognac as a julep base.

☞The 600th birthday celebrations for Geoffrey Chaucer proceed apace. W. H. Cleveland, Jr., of the English Graduate Club at University of Texas reports that the very earliest of them was January 4 and 5 of this year. The University of Texas Library put on a show, Professor Laura and Roger Loomis (of Wellesley and Columbia respectively) gave lectures, and the English Department held a sprightly dinner. The menu was composed in 14th century language, as for instance "Pigges flessh with poynaunt sauce and sweete rootes, and Leves greene apiked with Fraunche dressinge." ☞We haven't seen Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan,* but somehow we find *The Commonweal's* review of it alluring. It begins: "This is a disgusting book. But it's Huxley's best so far."

☞We learn from Essandess's spring catalogue that Fred Schwed, Jr.'s new book is titled by the story of the visitor being shown round the financial district. His guide pointed toward the East River and said "There are the Wall Street brokers' yachts." ☞"Where are the customers' yachts?" was the reply, and also the title of the book. ☞William H. Robinson, Ltd. (16 Pall Mall, London, S. W. 1) has issued a remarkable catalogue of Books and MSS Relating to America —including, says the title-page, "the Library of George Grenville, promoter of the famous Stamp Act and thereby one of the Main Agents in the Genesis of the United States." Which is a roundabout way of getting the credit.

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